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The Week

PROBABLY the life of the new French Cabinet will be short and stormy. It will have to reach speedy and difficult decisions with respect to many important questions of financial and foreign policy. Considering the circumstances, these decisions can hardly amount to more than weak compromises which will not meet the facts of the situation and which will provoke irritation in some people and disappointment in others. The groups in the Chamber of Deputies which the new government represents are not sufficiently numerous, united or trustworthy to carry on the kind of government which France needs at the present critical moment. The Painlevé Cabinet is not likely to last as long as its predecessor, and when it is defeated another general election will probably be necessary. The questions of finance and foreign policy which the new government will have to pass upon are so radical, so difficult and momentous that they will have to be submitted to the electorate at least once and perhaps several times before permanent and satisfactory decisions are reached.

NEVERTHELESS the Painlevé government with M. Briand as Minister of Foreign Affairs and M. Caillaux as Minister of Finance, provides an unexpectedly advantageous escape for the parties of the left from the predicament into which M. Herriot's defeat had plunged them. M. Painlevé and his associates will be moved in their determinations of policy by considerations not substantially different from those which governed M. Herriot and his associates. The danger was that as the result of M. Herriot's defeat the radical socialist combination would dissolve and a more nationalist combination of the left and the right centre would take its place. But the new government if it edges somewhat to the right in the person of Briand also edges somewhat to the left in the person of Caillaux. It remains essentially a radical socialist government, and a government by that group is for the present the best that can be expected from French public opinion. It is less likely to commit France to disastrous decisions from the consequence of which she can be extricated only at an even heavier cost than that which she must already pay.

DURING the past few weeks public attention has been concentrated on the financial disabilities of France and the various proposals to distribute the loss among the several French economic groups. But the questions of foreign policy with which the new government will have to deal are of equal if not greater importance. It will have to decide what to do about the alleged failure of Germany to disarm, about the new commercial arrangement with Germany, about the proposal of the German government for a treaty of mutual guarantee and, if it lasts until August, about the evacuation of the Ruhr. The policies which it adopts on these questions may either hopelessly bedevil or else really ameliorate the relations between France and Germany for many years to come. The prospect, it must be admitted, is not very cheerful. Even M. Herriot, who was unquestionably a well-intentioned man, was committed to a course of action as to Germany which would make impossible any reconciliation between the two countries; and in this respect the record of M. Briand is, of course, still more unsatisfactory. There is no trustworthy evidence as yet that any French party, except the Socialists, thinks of Germany as other than the

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hereditary enemy which must be kept in a condition of subjection if France is to feel sufficiently secure and sufficiently important.

DUBIOUS as is the prospect for a sufficiently radical change in French policy with respect to Germany, it is not hopeless. The restoration of M. Caillaux to a position of influence and responsibility in French politics may be symptomatic of an impending change. He has been named Minister of Finance ostensibly because of his technical competence as a financier, but he is really more conspicuous as the representative in French politics of an understanding with Germany. That is the policy for which he vainly fought before the War, and which he was condemned for not having abandoned during the War. He has never abandoned it, and his restoration to office, in spite of his unrepentant attitude in this respect, may prophesy that the French people are beginning dimly to understand the disaster which the continuation of their present policy will bring upon themselves and Europe. That remains to be seen. The French will have to pay a heavy price for a reconciliation with Germany, and, considering their present illusions and their overwhelming military superiority, it seems incredible that they will allow Germany to resume the status in Europe to which she is properly entitled. Nevertheless they may recover their common sense before it is too late. Their financial vulnerability is a fatal weakness in a money civilization such as that of today. M. Caillaux cannot cure their finances unless he cures their foreign policy.

FROM Bulgaria, now in the throes of an attempted revolution, we are receiving official propaganda dispatches and nothing else. These declare that Communists, inspired by Moscow, are responsible for the whole series of events which began with the effort to kill King Boris, went on to the murder of 160 persons in a cathedral, and now seems to have become a general agrarian rising. These charges that the rebellion is Communist and Russian in character should be taken with at least two grains of salt. While they may be true, it is just as likely that the revolt is solely that of agrarian followers of former Premier Stambuliski, who was so cruelly murdered when his government was overthrown. The same dispatches which ascribe the revolt to Russian Communism also talk darkly of the complicity of the Jugoslav government, which is quite as conservative as Bulgaria's. The latter, it is interesting to note, has asked the Allies for 200 airplanes "with which to bomb the headquarters of the Communists"—about the most wildly absurd request which has ever come out of the perennially fantastic Balkans. An increase in the size of the army from 23,000 to 50,000 men is also asked—presumably for the same reason. While Moscow is perfectly capable of trying to muddy the Balkan waters in order to fish there, and particularly in order to separate Bessarabia from Rumania, a war among the Balkan states themselves, or an attempt at revolution in any one of them, which has nothing to do with Communism, is just as likely and is certain to be ascribed in its initial stages to the Red influence which, as an Irishman might say, is Europe's black beast.

NEARLY two years ago the Supreme Court killed the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations; the other day the Supreme Court buried it. Judicial procedure is orderly and deliberate, and therefore it usually moves very slowly. It has taken two years to decide definitely what was clearly involved in the first Wolf Packing Company case, namely, that hours, wages and working conditions cannot be regulated by law as part of a system of compulsory arbitration, because in the United States the law is impotent to impose compulsory adjustments of industrial controversies, except probably in a restricted class of "public utilities." Thus fails another social experiment, not because it has been tried and found wanting, but because it has hardly been tried before it has been found unconstitutional. The obstruction to the Kansas venture in compulsory arbitration was again found in the fatal vagueness of the "due process" clause; and it was found there because a series of decisions has put it there.

THE NEW REPUBLIC has always been opposed to the idea which underlay the Kansas Industrial Court. We disbelieve in compulsory arbitration as a social policy. But we also disbelieve in forbidding Kansas the opportunity of trying the experiment. We, too, rejoice over the death of the Kansas Industrial Court; but it was for the public opinion of Kansas, enlightened by experience and voiced through its legislators, to kill it. A modern democracy ought not to leave the disposition of such an issue to the verdicts of nine judges at Washington. Past decisions may have led to the present result. But that merely serves to show that the limitations of state action which the Supreme Court has gradually read into the Fourteenth Amendment ought not to exist. The judicial rendering of that Amendment puts intolerable curbs on the scope of state experimentation, and concentrates in nine men power over the purely local affairs of each state, which the states should exercise for their self-discipline.

THIS false situation has fastened injunctions in labor disputes on Arizona though Arizona wanted to do without injunctions, as have other English speaking countries. It has denied to Kansas the opportunity of trying out a policy which has not yet brought destruction to Australia. Here is the most pervasive violation of the doctrine of responsible local government. To the interests and the intel-

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ligence of each state we must look for cordons against mischievous legislation. For, after all, compulsory arbitration is not an infection. It can only come to pass if a state will it—if its legislature pass such a measure, its governor approve it, or two-thirds of the legislature over-ride his veto.

THE daily press inaccurately heralded a recent Supreme Court decision affecting the building trades of San Francisco as Supreme Court approval of the "American plan," i. e. the open shop policy aggressively pursued by closed shop tactics on the part of San Francisco employers. The decision of the Supreme Court did no such thing. "With the conflict between the policy of the 'closed shop,' or with the 'American plan,' per se, we have nothing to do," is the emphatic language of the opinion. All that the Court held was that the combination fostered by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce to combat union domination was "a purely local matter" and, therefore, not restraint of interstate commerce, even though interstate trade was incidentally affected.

THIS is the third of a series of cases in which the Supreme Court has refused to sweep within the capacious possibilities of the Sherman law industrial controversies local in their motive and dominant play. In the first Coronado case, the United Leather Workers case and now the San Francisco case, the Supreme Court has very fortunately left local labor disputes outside of the terrors of the Sherman law. Labor is the greatest beneficiary of these decisions. Otherwise, in language now repeated by the Supreme Court, "every strike in any industry or even in any single factory will be within the Sherman Act and subject to federal jurisdiction provided any appreciable amount of its product enters into interstate commerce." We await with interest the decision in the second Coronado case.

ORGANIZED American Labor, following in the steps of its European elders, has recently begun to develop its own type of adult education. Industrial workers, themselves the raw material of the social sciences, are being enrolled in evening classes, resident colleges and summer schools to study the historical, actual and potential position of the worker in an industrial society. Specifically, the aim is to interest the student, whether rank and file worker or union official, in the history, problems and methods of trade unionism, in order to promote more intelligent and efficient trade union action. To correlate and foster this type of education in the United States, the Workers' Education Bureau was founded in 1921 by a group of teachers and trade unionists. Within two years this small private organization had received the official endorsement of the American Federation of Labor. A year later, 1924, the Federation undertook to finance the Bureau by a levy upon the affiliated national and international unions. This official adoption has been followed by a revision of the constitution at the Bureau's recent convention in Philadelphia. Membership will be confined to unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. and to educational enterprises sponsored by them. The representation of international unions has been enlarged at the expense of the local unions, and faculty and students who conduct the educational work. The former now control the governing board. Some months ago Brookwood College, the only resident trade union training college in America, was reorganized on this basis: the controlling voice was taken from the faculty and students and vested in union representatives.

TWO significant features marked the Philadelphia Convention. Organized labor has seriously undertaken to acquire the knowledge and training necessary to improve its technique of negotiation. With such education will come a new grasp of economic and industrial problems and as President Green of the A. F. of L. intimated in his address the participation by union leaders in their treatment. Second, in devoting itself to the ample educational field within the A. F. of L. the Bureau foregoes the possibility of becoming an inclusive clearing-house for all experiments in Workers' Education. Classes for industrial workers proceed also under the auspices of independent unions, of political groups such as the Socialist party and the Workers' party and of non-labor colleges. For one reason or another, the officials of the A. F. of L. have refused to share with these organizations the services of the Bureau. To the extent that these outside groups may be dominated by Socialist, Communist or capitalist philosophies, the A. F. of L. officials felt that exclusion was necessary in order to develop a practical type of training for the immediate use of American unions. Whether education, meaning the training of critical faculties of mind, will find a more liberal shelter under the A. F. of L. than under any of the other groups, remains to be demonstrated.

JOHN SARGENT'S gifts were energy, brilliance, abundance, a swift restlessness which caught, better than any other has done, the quality of his generation. His brushwork shines and glitters from his canvases, with an amazing ease and swing, and it is his brush mainly that gives style to his pictures—gives them their dexterity, their cool power which was not without a kind of wit and vivacity too. An astonishing painter, with gifts which captured us in the first moment of surprised admiration, but gifts which seemed less after that first moment, when one began to find, in his easy flow of color, so accurate, so sparkling, so inexhaustibly capable, a lack of profundity and passion, of originality, of revelation, of qualities lying deeper than an appeal to the affable emotions of the eye. A great virtuoso, and a tantalizing example of how far skill can take a man toward a place in painting higher yet, and not to be reached unless the skill is also mixed with poetry.

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THE young lady students of Vassar College, we have recently learned from the metropolitan press, may no longer expose their knees to the distant view afforded by their spacious campus. They may, it seems, wear bloomers out of doors provided (a) they are covered by a coat, or (b) they form a junction with the stockings. On no account are bloomers to be admitted to the college dining-rooms. Further, students are expected (though this is not, apparently, obligatory) to wear hats upon the streets of the city, and they have been requested not to roller skate in the city streets. By way of positive direction the importance of dressing for dinner is urged upon them, especially over the week-ends, when college life is most explicitly social. These reminders, we are told, emerge from a series of informal meetings organized by the Students' Association to check the deplorable laxity brought on by the advent of spring. The student conscience has been aroused by a vision of bare knees.

IF the students, and, more particularly, the authorities of Vassar College fail to relish this picture of Vassar life they have only themselves to blame. They are suffering not from "unfortunate publicity" but from a disease of their own perspective. Stockings and hats being important matters in Poughkeepsie, the public is entitled to be informed of it. The conditions of life in an institution where details of dress and minutiæ of conduct are made a matter of public concern necessarily define the interests of the members of that community. What must the Vassar girl do to be saved? She must never go dancing without a permit, go walking without recording her intentions, go motoring without a chaperone, eat a meal away from the campus except at approved resorts. So, at least, we are credibly informed. Observing all these things from her youth up she may devote herself to such scholarship as is possible for one who has dressed for dinner. In sum, the impression conveyed by the preoccupations of the Vassar Students' Association is that the Vassar girl must be a lady and may be a scholar. There is no rule against that. All of which being true, the touting of the Vassar knees is thoroughly merited. At this college, knees considerably matter.

WHO is the real governor of Texas? In our pages some weeks ago Joseph K. Hart stated that "Ma" Ferguson, elected last November, would be but a rubber stamp; that the actual power would remain in the hands of her husband, James E. Ferguson, former governor, who was impeached, removed from office and stripped of all his civil rights. Numerous incidents since Mr. Hart wrote amply confirm his opinion. One of Mrs. Ferguson's early acts was to have her husband restored to his previous status as a citizen, which includes a restoration of his right to hold public office. Thereupon Lieut.-Gov. Barry Miller immediately appointed former Governor Jim as one of three members of the board which controls the state's iron ore properties at Rusk. The amnesty proceeding developed friction between the Governor's office and that of the state Attorney-General; and by way of retaliation, the Governor has vetoed the appropriation for the first assistant Attorney-General for the next two years—which is tantamount, of course, to abolishing the office.

A MUCH more serious step in the "rehabilitation" of Governor Jim has been aimed against the State University. The faculty of that institution includes a number of men who are Ferguson's political enemies; and Governor Ma has now disciplined them by abolishing out of hand the entire Summer School, the Schools of Journalism, Library Science and Music, and the office of University Business Manager. Reduced appropriations will also cripple or kill vocational training in the state's schools in general, including home economics, agriculture, and various trades. The abolition of the Summer School is a particularly serious matter, since public school teachers from all parts of the state have relied upon it as their chief source of intellectual refreshment. While the Governor's husband thus rolls on his tongue the saccharine taste of revenge, Governor Ma busies herself at such matters as appointing her five-year-old grandson to be a Colonel on her personal staff, and her bodyguard. He is to have a full dress uniform and sword, and be present at official functions. We suggest that it is not the Governor who is in need of a five-year-old bodyguard, but the people of Texas, who, with their eyes open, brought about the present state of affairs.

Industrial Conflict or Partnership in England

SINCE the strike of the Miners' Union in the summer of 1921 there have been few important industrial conflicts in England. The defeat of the miners four years ago was decisive. It taught their leaders a lesson. Organized labor, even when it is as powerful as it then was in Great Britain, could not use direct action to maintain a standard of living which the existing productivity of the industry did not justify. The miners as well as the employes in certain other trades lost almost if not quite all that they had gained during the War, and, for the time being, the unions could do nothing about it. British labor was obliged to submit to temporary defeat and adversity. It did submit, partly in the hope that at the end of a few years the volume of business would increase and it could

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regain some of its lost ground, and partly in the expectation of increased class political power. The next general election might enable the Labor party to exercise a more effective pressure on the national economic policy than it had exercised in the past. So Labor abandoned fighting tactics for the moment and bided its time.

This truce is apparently coming to an end. The political and economic reasons which reconciled British Labor to put up with it have lost some of their force. The anticipation of increased political opportunity was, indeed, fulfilled. The Labor party came to the front at the next election as the second largest group in the House of Commons and, for a few months, some of its members assumed a nominal responsibility for the government of the British Empire. Nevertheless the experiment was not from the point of view of labor economics a great success. The Labor party was practically as impotent to determine the national economic policy and to make any contribution to the welfare of the poorer classes during its months of office as it was during its years of opposition; and this impotence was not due entirely to its inability to vote a majority in the House of Commons.

Even if its members had formed a majority, it is doubtful whether they could have proposed economic legislation which would have been satisfactory to the party as a whole, and would have accomplished social reforms permanently beneficial to the wage-earning class. After it assumed power, the spokesman of the party boasted, not of the beneficent revolution which it aimed to introduce into British social policy, but of the inoffensive, conservative brand of government which it was conferring on England. When it was defeated, its leaders chose to go out, not on an economic issue which sharply distinguished it from its opponents, but on an unimportant matter of administrative detail. The election which followed gave to the Conservatives a majority which it will take the Labor party years to overcome. For these reasons the more thoughtful members of the party are beginning to feel in 1925 some of the misgivings about political action that they felt about direct action in 1921.

During the intervening years, also, some of the economic possibilities which reconciled organized Labor in 1921 to a passive policy have faded. There has been some recovery in the volume of business and some diminution of unemployment, but the expansion in business has increased profits rather than wages, and unemployment is still abnormally high. The wage-earners have done little or nothing during the past few years to regain the ground which they lost in 1921, and there is small chance at present of an improvement. At best it will take many years to build up the foreign markets upon which British economic prosperity, such as it was, formerly depended; and possibly they can never be regained. Well-informed Englishmen take a gloomy view of the outlook. They question whether Great Britain's economic and financial position is not permanently compromised, whether British industry can feed, clothe and house the present population of Great Britain without falling back on even a lower standard of living for the wage-earners than that which prevailed before the War. British Labor has apparently little or no improvement of condition to expect from the action of automatic economic causes. The increased sales of British products abroad which the statesmen depend upon for the reduction of unemployment can only occur in competition with the products of exploited labor of Germany. British industry will have to take the business at prices which will demand an analogous exploitation of the British wage-earners.

British Labor is, consequently, confronted by an anxious and puzzling predicament. If it leaves prevailing economic conditions to run their course, it must apparently abandon any expectation of contributing to the social welfare of its members for an indefinite future. On the other hand it has no power to modify the existing economic process except by extorting concessions from the employers at the point of the sword. By striking, it might be able to divert to wages some of the increasing profits which British industry has earned of late years, but the margin of possible gain from this source is small. For the most part it is the conditions which are to blame. As it is now organized and conducted, British industry cannot afford a tolerable standard of living for the great majority of the wage-earning class. Yet if it cannot afford such a standard of living and if there is no way for the organized workers to induce or force its managers to recognize the social justice of their demands, what will become of the British Labor movement and of the British Commonwealth? In that event it looks as if the former would drift in the direction of desperation and the latter towards dissolution.

Just at present several of the more important unions including the miners and the railroad employes propose to renew the conflict. It is entirely possible that serious and costly disputes will break out during the coming summer. The workers are feeling bitter and rebellious, and they are willing to suffer and to risk a great deal in the hope of forcing the reconsideration of their grievances by their employers and by British public opinion. As their recognized method of asserting themselves and protesting against ill treatment is the strike, they are justified in seizing their only weapon. Yet manifestly prolonged strikes will actually increase the handicaps under which British industry is struggling, and to that extent diminish the productivity of the workshops and the chance of obtaining for the wage-earners a larger purchasing power. The two industrial classes in England would in the circumstances be fighting not so much over their ability to

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retain an increased share in an economic surplus but over their respective power to avoid a diminution of their existing percentages.

If British industry cannot at present afford to grant the demands of the wage-earners for a higher standard of living, its managers can avoid a series of disastrous, futile and yet in a sense justifiable conflicts only by adopting themselves the one possibly remediable course. They can propose to their workers a new method of organizing and operating industry which would be more in the nature of a partnership between the two economic groups than the existing organization. The proposal, in general, would look toward the surrender by the unions of regulations in the interest of the weaker workers which restrict output in return for a gradually increasing participation by the workers in the government of industry. British industry has apparently reached a stage of its development when future growth and even present security depend on the willingness of its owners and managers to initiate a coöperative relationship with their employes. Both economic classes are equipped for collective action. If they fight they will only injure themselves and divide the commonwealth into two irreconcilable factions. Because they are well organized, class conscious, and indispensable one to another, the time has come when their interests demand the substitution of a coöperative relationship for one which promotes suspicions, reservations and animosities.

It is not impossible that some time soon British industry may move in the direction of a new arrangement. The Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, is an industrialist of importance. The combination which he embodies of political and business leadership offers him a peculiarly favorable opportunity to open negotiations. He is sincerely desirous of appeasing the industrial conflict. In a recent speech he used the word "partnership" to describe the relationship between the employer and employe which in his opinion ought to obtain in the not distant future. "We stand," he said, speaking for his own party, "for peace. We stand for the removal of suspicion in the country. We want to create an atmosphere, a new atmosphere in a new Parliament for a new age in which people can come together." And by virtue of his appeal he prevented his party from passing a bill limiting the use of trade unions' funds for political purposes, and which, if passed, would have aroused lively resentment in organized British Labor.

The speech of Mr. Baldwin expressed a most statesmanlike view of the relation between capital and labor. President Coolidge might have used the phrases we have quoted not less glibly than did Mr. Baldwin, but the meaning of his words would have been different. He would have meant by "peace" the stabilization of industry as now organized and operated. The workers would have to pay for it by renouncing their revolt against the existing industrial structure and policy. Mr. Baldwin, on the contrary, meant a peace which would be obtained by reconstruction. Chief as he is of the British Conservative party, he is in this respect an unmistakable radical. He understands that as the result of more unified and responsible organization on the part both of capital and labor, industry is in an unstable and transitional condition. He does not pass judgment on what is taking place or attempt to instruct either party about the rights and wrongs of their behavior. Unless there is a change of attitude, relationship and policy on both sides, disastrous conflict is unavoidable, and he insists that only the two parties to the conflict are capable of adopting the measure necessary to avoid it. The treaty of reconstruction which he is proposing is not "a partnership the terms of which will be laid down—at any rate not yet—in acts of Parliament. It has got to be a partnership of men who understand their own work and it is little help which they can get really either from politicians or from intellectuals."

Mr. Baldwin is in our opinion justified in proposing that the management of industry and organized labor work out the new partnership for themselves and in warning them that they can and will obtain little assistance either from politicians or intellectuals. A wholesome partnership requires two or more independent partners of practically equal bargaining ability. There can be no effective coöperation between capital and labor for the government of industry in the absence of a corporate consciousness on the part of the two contracting parties, mutual good faith, an understanding of what their joint and what their differing interests are, and finally a methodical watching of the results by the official accountants of the partners. Neither the state, the social economists nor the reformers can supply these requirements. It is the vice of state socialism and state capitalism that their advocates ask politics or social engineering to accomplish for industry a result which management and labor must for the most part accomplish for themselves. But it is not quite fair to scold the politicians and the intellectuals for their presumption in dictating to industry how it ought to behave. They have merely rushed in where the angels feared to tread. Only of late years has the idea of a partnership between the two parties to the industrial conflict found any welcome or understanding among responsible industrialists, and it is still far from being either a popular, an effective or a fully developed purpose. So long as the leaders of industry fail to understand the unstable and neurotic condition of machine industry and the imminent need of a redistribution of power—so long, that is, as the ideas of the Garys and the Atterburys dominate industrial policy—so long will the politicians and the intellectuals have to play the fool in order to mock at the irresponsible and heedless dictatorship of the lords of industry.

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Gerald Chapman and "The Mob"

LIBERALS often get the habit of picturing public opinion as a docile but ferocious beast, ready to hunt down the prophets at the behest of a "kept press"; and they therefore rather despair of the "ultimate justice of the people." For such mistrusting souls there should be consolation of a sort in the wave of moral indignation, which, so reliable witnesses report, swept Hartford County, in Connecticut, after the conviction of "Gerald Chapman" (Chartres), bandit and mail robber, for the murder last October of a New Britain policeman.

Had this curious result come upon the crest of a wave of maudlin hero worship and sentimentality, there would be nothing to say. Had a half-wit press glorified Chapman and railed at his accusers, nobody but the lawless could find cause for cheer in this amazing demonstration of feeling. But this was not the case, at least in Hartford. The almost unanimous outburst of indignation by the people closest to the scene of the trial was neither an indication of sympathy for a caged criminal nor silly admiration for a controlled and picaresque figure. It was occasioned by the conviction on the part of a community that an individual had not obtained full justice in an American court, that he had been condemned for murder because he already stood condemned for many other crimes, that the "reasonable doubt" was not allowed to Gerald Chapman, since he was assumed to be the kind of man who "would have done such a thing."

Because this demonstration of feeling in a conservative, law-abiding community was based on a real regard for justice, it was a healthy demonstration. In spite of the extravagant and bitter things which were said about the State's Attorney and the twelve men of the jury during that excited week after the trial, one may well say that the mob has redeemed itself for many crimes done in its name.

It matters little for our purpose whether or not Chapman actually did shoot Policeman Skelly. The local public, through the prolificity of the press, had almost as good an opportunity to pass on the facts as the jury had. And the public acquitted Chapman—with a "Scotch verdict" perhaps—but they acquitted him.

They saw a famous criminal brought to trial for murder on the word of a confessed and sneaking accomplice, supported by the testimony of a policeman who had previously admitted himself unable to identify the murderer at all. They heard a "ballistic expert" declare on his oath that the bullet found in the dead policeman's body could have been fired from no revolver other than the one found in Chapman's possession when he was arrested. They heard an equally qualified "ballistic expert" refute the first expert and say that the bullet in question could have been fired from any one of some hundreds of guns. They heard a waitress in a small inn testify that she was sure Chapman had stayed at the inn on the night before the crime, although she could not remember such an important detail as whether he had a mustache or not. They heard doctors and nurses who attended the dying policeman testify that he had identified Shean (the accomplice) as the man who fired the shot, and they heard various other witnesses say that they had seen Chapman at other places than New Britain on the night before the crime. The people of Hartford did not say Chapman was innocent. They did say that he was denied the presumption of innocence, that he is to hang for murder largely because he has been punished for robbery.

This wave of feeling by the people of Hartford about the Chapman trial is also a victory for an unguided public opinion. The local newspapers had, previous to the trial, printed an almost daily litany against him, and the most prosaic story of Chapman's life hardly tends to predispose the Right-Thinking in his favor. Every day new horrors were produced. Mr. Hugh Alcorn, the able State's Attorney, added to the romance of the setting by throwing a cordon of police about the court-house as if in anticipation of a Shays's Rebellion in Chapman's behalf. When the trial began, public feeling ran high against him. It was only changed when the state's case, as presented day by day in the newspapers, could be studied by the people. The rapidity of this dissipation of fear was amazing. At one point in the trial Mr. Alcorn introduced as evidence a bottle of nitroglycerine. Immediately, as if by pre-arrangement, four beefy guards strolled to the prisoner's chair and surrounded him. On the first day of the trial this stunt might have made its effect. But the zero hour had passed. The Hartford public said, "Apple sauce!"

Nor did this Hartford public, so far as local observers could judge, consent to record Mr. Alcorn's final argument to the jury as an entirely fair summation, even as the work of lawyers goes. When a public prosecutor points to the accused and shouts that he and his accomplices actually dared to own a house "within ten miles of the humble home of the President of the United States"; when he recommends that a pistol expert, who had volunteered to testify for the defense in what he believed to be the interest of justice, be removed from his position; when he lays stress on the local pride of the jurors and bears down on the "safety of New England"—it is not surprising that many persons should feel he has exceeded the prerogatives of his responsible office. The honesty of this particular State's Attorney is not questioned; but there are many who feel that he had no right to adopt the method of Billy Sunday and present the case of the New England conscience against the New York underworld.

The jury heard the same evidence which the rest of the community read. Why was their verdict so out of sympathy with popular feeling?

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Nobody knows. The system by which jurymen are selected almost automatically eliminates men of affairs, men of experience in the great world, men of large heart and wide sympathies. Twelve men, honest enough and kind-hearted enough, and fearless enough in their way, may too easily fall before the blandishments of the "know-it-all" glib talker who is quite likely to be in their midst. Every one of the men on the Chapman jury—with one possible exception—was a Yankee. The State's Attorney's thrusts at the "amazing familiarity with the underworld" supposed to be enjoyed by Chapman's lawyer, his invocation of the spirit of Calvin Coolidge and his plea for the protection of New England from the sidewalks of New York could not have failed to have their effect. A man who had coolly confessed to participation in extensive bootlegging ventures, who had served several terms in prison, who had robbed a mail truck of millions on a New York street by daylight—how could such a knave expect to profit by the presumption of innocence? As to the theory of a "reasonable doubt," we find these men by their own admission trying to make Chapman prove every detail of his alibi instead of insisting that the state's case be conclusively proven. Of this particular jury it must be added that, after rendering their verdict of "Guilty" and after listening to the "sentence of death pronounced against the prisoner at the bar," they went back to their hotel where some of them finished a tournament of cribbage!

It is necessary to uphold law and the instruments through which it is administered. But in this instance who can say that respect for law has broken down because a community has been outspoken in its insistence upon justice? Perhaps the mob of Hartford has not been fair to the jury nor to the zealous and able public prosecutor. If that is so, it was an unfairness which sprang from a strong regard for fairness, from an instinctive and indigenous sense of justice, which those who despair of the mob would do well to take account of and cherish with hope.

The City that Jack Built

MRS. JACK, who was brought up in a small town, moved to a large city when she married, because Jack found a job there in a factory. At first she and her husband lived in a boarding house, then in a small flat. As the children came she wanted a good house with a yard around it and plenty of land for the children to play on, such as she had in her birthplace. But with Jack's income —which in dollars was much larger than her father's—the best she could get was a small, shoddy house in a row of others just like it, with a tiny back-yard, in an unsightly location. Factory smoke soiled the air. Everything cost more. She was lucky, indeed, if her family was not crowded into an apartment too small for it, with no open land nearby.

Mrs. Jack does not know the cause of her discomfort, though there is a phrase for it—the concentration of population in overcrowded, underplanned cities. As people stream in, land goes up, lots grow smaller, improvements cost more, transit is jammed, open space disappears because of its commercial value. All this affects the cost of living, which in turn slowly forces up wages, which in turn increase prices some more. Savings per family fall off. Mrs. Jack is advised to move to the country, but there is no employment for Jack where he came from unless he goes on a farm, and if he goes on a farm he goes bankrupt.

Mrs. Jack's plight would not be so bad if there were anything better in store for her children. But there seems to be no limit to the city's growth. It does often decay in the middle, but it spreads lustily at the outskirts, eating like a blight over the land. Outlying suburbs become joined with it. Towns once a healthy size are little by little merged with the larger units. City planners appear, but their plans always seem to come too late. It would cost too much to rebuild and refashion on land already too valuable. City plans, too, stop at the city limits, but the actual city knows nothing of the legal municipal boundary. Not only does it eat up smaller suburbs, but it demands ever-increasing water, coal, food, sewage outlets and other things reaching out into a very large area.

It comes down to this—in order to plan a house well you must plan a community; in order to plan a community you must plan, not merely a city, but a region. And the New York State Housing and Regional planning commission has made a further important discovery—in order to plan a region you must plan a state. Already, almost without knowing it, the task of supplying Mrs. Jack with a home has led us out to an adventure in what may be called Social Geography, covering an area at least as large as the state of New York.

At the International Town, City and Regional Planning Conference, the exhibit of the New York State Commission drew an interesting picture of what has happened to us geographically, which of course implies industrially, commercially, agriculturally, socially and politically.

A map of the state at about 1840 shows a surprisingly wide and even distribution of population. The big cities are not so big, industry has sprung up in 400 scattered and thriving towns fed largely by surrounding farms, power is derived chiefly from 5000 water wheels, transportation runs over roads and a network of canals—which were almost completed in 1850. Then came the railroad trunk lines. The agricultural West was tapped for food staples, the industrial West began to be tapped for trade. Coal development outside the state, making possible steam power, attracted factories to the railroads. The result was a rapid concentration of population

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in cities along a narrow belt up the Harlem river and from Albany across the central part of the state and the shore of Lake Ontario to Buffalo. The small town factories began to disappear, the farming populations, menaced by western competition, began to shrink. Since 1880 most of the rural counties have lost absolutely in population. With the exception of three counties, the entire gain in population between 1910 and 1920 occurred in the ten largest cities.

A map of the state as it is shows three main forest regions—the Adirondacks, the Catskills, and the northern Alleghenies to the south of Buffalo. On the outskirts of these regions are deserted and dwindling farms. In the more fertile cleared land there are farms which still manage to make a go of it, chiefly devoted to dairying. And in the narrow central strip are the concentrated and rapidly expanding industrial regions.

Now comes giant electric power, which will take up some of the water power formerly used for the small town factory, and much more water power previously undeveloped, beside carrying energy from coal in Pennsylvania by short cuts across country in high-voltage transmission lines. Factories may thus be freed from dependence on coal-carrying railroads. Farms may be made more livable and economical. The railroads already have numerous short branches reaching out of the central strip which might carry much more freight than they do. Thus arises the possibility of controlling and checking the concentration of population. Along with this possibility grow the urgent needs of the industrial centres, which are beginning to infringe on each other and to exhaust the water supply. They need contiguous space for good housing and recreation. They need a certain amount of nearby farm land for dairy products and fresh vegetables. They need the more remote forest regions for the sources of their water and will increasingly need them for the sources of waterpower.

Out of the new economic situation and the needs of the cities the state regional planners have evolved a geographical strategy. They project a map of the state as it may be made. The main forest regions are made permanent and enlarged, becoming well-cared-for reserves. They can easily grow by infringing on the now deserted or well-nigh worthless farm land. The farms economically desirable, in the more fertile places and closer to the cities, may be developed by moving in the outlying and failing farmers. And the narrow industrial strip may be broadened to a belt, thus giving the cities the space they need. By the proper location of new factories, by the creation of insulating park or garden regions around the cities, by comprehensive planning of housing and recreation districts, the existence of town populations may be made less costly and more humane. One can even visualize a series of self-contained garden towns planned in advance, each with its proper allotment of factories and equipment for community life, each kept to a not unwieldy size by a surrounding area of recreation space, each partially fed by prosperous farms not too far away. Not too long a trip would give the inhabitants of these towns vacations and week-ends in the wild forest reserves.

Such a goal would be a fantasy unless it lay in the direction of the main technological and economic trend. Apparently, however, it does lie there. What we need is a social machinery to realize it. This machinery, as now projected, is two-fold—a state commission to bring together the various state-wide bodies having authority or knowledge, and a series of regional conferences bringing together the officials of cities, counties and farms within a given region. The state commission can lay out general plans and secure the coöperation of railroads, power companies, farm associations, financiers and industrialists; the regional conferences can adopt specific plans and carry out specific projects. Such a state commission is already proposed for New York by Governor Smith; such regional conferences already exist in that state in the Niagara and Albany districts.

This is obviously a project to decentralize the industrial population. It is worth noting by the way that such decentralization can be accomplished only by central planning. Thus is exhibited the necessary relationship between centralization and decentralization. Considered in a true sense, they are not mutually exclusive principles but complementary and interdependent processes. Functional centralization of planning and control is essential for workable decentralization of specific activities. There is no reason why this movement should stop short at state lines. Similar logic affects the whole country. For a long-time adventure in Social Geography we shall need the aid of all the social agencies at our disposal—federal and state, legal and voluntary. By the study of such situations we begin to see that the problem of rendering civilization fit for man is not a problem of developing abstract legal or philosophic concepts, but a problem of major strategy, applied to concrete difficulties, with specific instruments, directed towards realizable ends.

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Has Liberalism a Future?

LIBERALISM has run its course. The present and the future belong to the eventual victor in the struggle which is now raging, and which will continue to rage, between two fundamental tendencies represented by Socialism or Communism, on the one side, and by Reaction, or Fascism, on the other."

Such assertions are to be heard on every hand in Italy today, and not only in Italy, but in most other countries. Nevertheless, that they have no scientific value whatever is a fact that scarcely needs demonstration. A few thinkers have tried to develop them philosophically by utilizing such concepts as "the strong State" and "the ethical State"; but their efforts have produced sophistry and word play and not philosophy. Considered as prophecies or prognoses, the statements in question have the value that all such predictions in the past have had; for if history teaches anything it teaches that prophecy is one of the most uncertain forms of statement, one of the most exposed to unexpected and ironical refutations from fact.

We must recognize, however, that these formulæ describe with approximate accuracy the present day status of political struggle in my country and elsewhere. Socialism and Reaction (under the term "Reaction," I include "Nationalism" and "Fascism") have both turned in common accord upon a common foe, upon Liberalism.

Anyone familiar with the documents of Socialism will remember that there is nothing new in this particular attitude on the part of Socialists. Marx himself, in his appendix to the Communist Manifesto, took over the feudalist criticism of the bourgeoisie; and to emphasize his hatred of the industrial and merchant classes, he showed a perceptible sympathy for old-fashioned Conservatism and Aristocracy. This psychological trait in the German Founder reappeared, though quite spontaneously, in the person of the Frenchman, Georges Sorel. Consistently contemptuous and abhorrent of middle-class liberals, the apostle of revolutionary Syndicalism hobnobbed for a certain time with youthful Monarchists and other dreamers who yearned for a restoration of absolutism after the fashion of the Roi Soleil. These recent years in Italy have witnessed numerous desertions of Marxian Socialists and Sorelian syndicalists to the ranks of a cynically reactionary nationalism—conversions that have been direct and immediate without any intervening stage of liberalism. Indeed, the decline of liberal habits of thought in Italy is to be attributed less to the bombastic literature of the Nietzschean-D'Annunzian school, than to the education which the generation now crowding the political stage received from Socialism itself. Today Socialist newspapers are protesting against violations of liberty and praying for a restoration of liberty. We can only remind them that they are now asking for things which, in days more prosperous, were not in their hearts; and the tears they are now shedding are born of consequences which they themselves have helped to provoke.

I do not, in the foregoing, contend that Socialism and Reaction are wholly lacking in rational justification. If anything, I would say the opposite. Both Socialism and Reaction express, as all political tendencies, all political parties, express eternal needs of human society. Socialism, in the last analysis, is an extreme form of democracy, and demands the establishment of certain conditions of living quite apart from any privileges arising from economic causes. And Reaction is only a return to authority, to "government from above," to forces that will keep order, maintain discipline, compel regular and efficient work, and guarantee the stability, vitality, and prestige of the State. But a no less respectable need of human society is expressed and asserted in Liberalism. For Liberalism emphasizes the necessity of giving free play, so far as is possible, to the spontaneous inventiveness of individuals and of social groups, since only from individual initiative, only from the free play of individual faculties, can there be any mental, moral, or economic progress, any trustworthy prospecting of the paths our future history is to traverse.

The efforts that Socialism has made, like the efforts that other forms of democracy have made, have not all been fruitless, and not all of them will be fruitless in the future. Some Socialist ideals have been realized, and still others are going to be —though not necessarily in the manner and in the forms laid down in advance by Socialist theorists or Utopians. The same may be said of our authoritarians and reactionaries. Their dictatorships and their mailed fists have not infrequently intervened to save society in certain moments of extreme peril, as they will do again.

But far larger, far broader, and far more continuous, is the contribution of Liberalism, which does not fix its gaze on any particular aspect of social life but considers the latter in its whole; and which shows its efficacy not merely in times of confusion and disorder, but preëminently in times that are called normal. At such times its task is so to temper the conflicts of life that they may prove fruitful of good, and so to attenuate the inevitable evils of life that their consequences may be endurable. I realize that it is now in fashion to decry those decades of "bloated prosperity," of "vulgar lassitude," of "unheroic idleness" that preceded the World War. But most of us grew up under the "free competition" of those very years. We educated ourselves, and we educated others, in that

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much derided give-and-take of free debate and free discussion. We will not consent therefore to such facile condemnation. We will not tolerate such unworthy ridicule. Whatever there may be of good or great in the Europe of today was produced or prepared in those years of liberty, however disorderly they may have appeared, however unheroic they may actually have been.

Liberalism is a theory of compromise and adjustment. To actuate its ideals requires experience, meditation, a sense of history, and an appreciation of the complexities and complications of life. Liberalism, in a word, demands moral sensitiveness and mental finesse. As a party, it is characteristically the party of learning and education. Socialism and Reaction are, in contrast, parties of extremes, and, as such, they tend to abstractions and simple formulæ. That is why they appeal so particularly to young minds and warm hearts, ever bearing, as a result, the marks of scant or unilateral education.

Far be it from me to disparage the many distinguished publicists that Socialism has counted, especially here in Italy. But, keeping to Italy, I must point out that the moment the doctrines of Marx attracted the attention and enkindled the enthusiasm of men of learning trained under Liberalism—I am thinking particularly of Antonio Labriola, the greatest of Italian Marxians—Socialism fell subject to a severe and searching examination, and its ultimate disintegration became only a matter of time. It was the Italian Marxians themselves—men who had approached the Socialist movement with earnest conviction and unbounded faith—who dismantled, one after the other, the theories of value and plus-value, of diminishing returns, of the class struggle, of historical materialism. To be sure Socialism was, in the person of Marx, a product of the German universities. It made a gallant effort to be learned and scientific, and to keep in contact with history. But what a concept of history Socialism gave us! An anguished travail on the part of the human race, after losing its Earthly Paradise of primitive Communism, to arrive, after an epoch of slavery, followed by an epoch of serfdom, followed by an epoch of wage-earning, at a blessed state where history itself would come to an end with the cessation of all struggle, through the winning of a Celestial Paradise of final Communism! The Socialist vision of history and of society was essentially teleological, essentially mediæval; and it was strongly colored, moreover, by the apocalyptic spirit of Jewish Messianism.

Nor would I be too harsh toward our Italian Nationalists. But I must point out that, in the earlier phase of their movement, they came, for the most part, from the field of literature and belles lettres—lovers of beauty whom beauty had betrayed—and they had no training except in letters. I remember that, in those early days, a friend of mine who was a philologist and litterateur of distinction, submitted his application for membership in the National party, in words to this effect: "Gentlemen: I have never understood politics; but Nationalism I do understand; and therefore I declare myself a Nationalist." Some time later, I met this young man in Florence and jokingly reproved him for his fallacious syllogism. It should really have read: "I have never understood politics, but I do understand Nationalism; therefore Nationalism is not politics but the literature which I understand!" And literature our Nationalism has always been, bad literature, at that, full of rhetoric and bombast. Later on, with more experience, and especially under the tutelage of "Fascism," Italian Nationalism made some progress toward grasping a few realities. And yet what more striking than the one-sidedness, the unilaterality, the superficiality, of Nationalistic thought as compared with the thought of our Liberals?

I need give only two examples. Nobody has ever talked as much as the Nationalists or as loudly as the Nationalists, about "history" and "historical necessities." But I doubt whether history has ever been worse understood than by our Nationalist writers. For what does history teach? That, in the first place, régimes of force can survive only among decadent peoples; that they can figure only as temporary expedients in nations that are growing and in the ascendant; and that, in the second place, repressions only produce more violent explosions of the forces they would restrain—the wise procedure being to allow those forces to run their course against the oppositions which they arouse and which are implicit, as it were, in their very nature.

And nobody has ever talked so much or so loudly of "nation." Yet can a group be found more aloof from our national tradition, more obtuse to its essential qualities, than our Nationalists—who, in fact, have derived their phrases not from Italian books but from the works of Maurras, and Barrès, and other foreigners? The Italy which they dream of in their own minds, the Italy which they picture to others, bears no likeness to the Italy that rises, ancient or modern, from the centuries. It may be the Italy of Gabriele D'Annunzio. It is certainly not the Italy of Giosuè Carducci, in whom our nation really lived and glowed incarnate in immortal poetry.

But, finally, has Liberalism really been destroyed, is it now "definitely superseded," by Communism, or by Nationalistic and Fascist authoritarianism? I doubt it!

For one thing, the second of these movements is at present wielding the power of the State in Italy; and it has not proved capable of creating any new constitutional forms, though tardily and in a wholly deliberate and artificial manner it has been trying to do so with various Commissions and Academies of Eighteens and Fifteens. The "national State" which Italian Fascism has "substituted" for the "liberal State" is the "liberal State" itself, governed (and

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occasionally manhandled) by a political party. While Liberalism looks ever toward the future, every act of our strong-arm government bears the imprint of the transitory and the provisory. Furthermore the truly self-conscious and self-coherent Liberal can never be converted to the Communist ideal or to the authoritarian ideal; since both of these tendencies he has already accounted for in his own theory, though always within the limits in which they are sound and practicable. The true Liberal will always be hostile to the abolition of the State—which is what Communism, when it is Communism, amounts to; and he will never be sympathetic to the idolatry of the State, which is inherent in all strong-arm Reaction.

It is just as certain, on the other hand, that our Socialists and our authoritarians will gradually turn to Liberalism, in proportion as they gain experience, and as thoughtfulness and a sense of responsibility resume sway over their policies. I have often suspected, indeed, that the litanies which many of our young men are singing over the corpse of Liberalism are intoned to quiet the many doubts and perplexities they are harboring deep down in their souls.

Francesco De Sanctis used to tell a story of his incarceration in the Castel dell'Uovo at Naples, during the reaction after the disturbances of '48. On some of those dreary days he whiled away the time composing a rather infelicitous Hymn to Freedom. The last lines of the song read: "In defeat she rises, in defeat she rises,—to victory, to victory, to victory." These verses he kept singing over and over to himself, till one day the jailer heard him. "Who wins the victory?" the man asked angrily, throwing open the door of the cell. "How should I know?" answered De Sanctis. "But later on I came to understand," De Sanctis goes on to explain, "how stupid I had been on that occasion. For the one defeat that always ends in victory is the defeat of Liberty."

BENEDETTO CROCE.

Tennessee Goes Fundamentalist

TENNESSEE has gone Fundamentalist. Even the hastiest gulper of headlines knows, from news dispatches spread far and wide a few weeks ago, that the State Legislature has passed a law which forbids the teaching in any state-aided school "of any theory which denies the Divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and the teaching instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals."

To the aforesaid headline gulper, living outside the borders of Tennessee, the action may have seemed to come from a clear sky. It didn't, of course; these things never do. In order to understand the interesting but somewhat complex story of the situation which produced the new law, it is necessary to learn a little about the state itself.

Tennessee is not noted for the high educational level of its inhabitants, nor for their familiarity with modern developments in thought. In all seriousness, one reason the state waited so long before banning evolution is that a large proportion of the inhabitants had never, until comparatively recent times, even heard of the theory. Mr. Bryan gave the alarm a few years ago; before that, the average Tennesseean believed that atheism had died out with Robert Ingersoll. Probably at least half of them did not even know of the Darwinian doctrine. I am thoroughly acquainted with the people in all sections of the state, and I am positive that not more than one-tenth of one percent are even now any too well acquainted with the facts of organic evolution. The social and theological implications are, of course, still more rarely understood and accepted.

Its general conditions made Tennessee an excellent forcing bed for anti-evolutionary doctrine. In such matters as educational expenditure per capita, number of days of school, training of teachers, educators' salaries, proportion of college students, etc., the state ranks from fortieth to forty-sixth, although it is thirty-third in land area and twenty-second in wealth. Indiana, most backward of the mid-Western states in that respect, has three times as many college students as Tennessee in proportion to population. In the latter state twelve counties out of ninety-five are without railroads; and the dirt roads are usually impassable to anything but farm wagons and horseback riders. The one present hope for better transportation is bound up with the prohibition amendment: the leading bootleggers, with ever increasing vigor and some success, are agitating for the improved roads which are imperative for the profitable climb of their trade.

While physical development is backward, spiritual welfare work is very much to the fore. Gadfly evangelists swarm through the state. Well-meaning bigots patrol the countryside regularly and meticulously. Revivals are as thick and as thorough as crows in a Middle Tennessee cornfield. Knoxville, last fall, had sixteen in progress at one time; ten are going on there as I write. Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, and smaller cities are almost as well off. Nowhere is there a let-up of a week's length. The people are kept on a perpetual emotional jag, constantly under the suggestive powers of the preachers. The daily reading of the Bible in the public schools has already been made compulsory; the legislators, servants of the people, hasten obsequiously to gratify their new whim. The true religion is in danger; God's Book is being scorned: the General Assembly of Tennessee, fol-

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lowed spectacularly by the governor, rallies to the rescue.

Badly off as she is in the matters of education, roads, and religion, Tennessee is on the whole several degrees better than the worst in the South. Yet an anti-evolution bill failed of passage a few years ago in the legislature of Kentucky, a state in general more backward educationally than Tennessee. In North Carolina a similar bill was not only defeated but even placed upon the unfavorable list from which a two-thirds majority vote is required to recall it for consideration. An earlier bill of the same nature as the one that was passed this year even failed in the Tennessee legislature two years ago. How, then, is the passage of the bill by the present Assembly by the outrageous majorities of seventy-one to five in the House and twenty-four to six in the Senate to be explained? Not by any single circumstance, but by the malicious conjunction of a number of causes and conditions.

The bill was written and introduced by Representative J. W. Butler, of Lafayette, a place too small to be listed in atlases. Its appearance was not surprising in view of the fact that the whole country is suffering from an epidemic of Fundamentalism. Bills similar in nature and spirit are likely to appear in the legislatures of any state in the union, though the South is of course most susceptible to them. In another Southern state some years ago a bill was introduced which provided that the value of pi should be changed to three, on the authority of the Bible that Solomon's vases were three times as far around as across. In this same Tennessee legislature this year an "anti-atheist" bill was introduced (by a former University of Tennessee student), providing that no one should teach in the state-aided schools who would not subscribe to the deity of Jesus. The marvel is not that the evolution bill passed, but that this bill failed. Both, incidentally, violated provisions of the Bill of Rights of the State Constitution, which declares in the one case that "there shall be no religious test imposed for the holding of any public trust," and in the other that "the legislature shall not favor by law any religious establishment."

The surprising thing was the ease and rapidity with which the bill was passed. Before the educated people of the state were more than half aware of its existence, it had swept the House and was before the Senate. The evolution question had not been an issue in the latest electoral campaign; if it was mentioned at all, report of the fact did not reach the press. Governor Peay did not ask such legislation of the Assembly; on the contrary, even the Fundamentalists were astonished at the willingness with which he signed the bill. What political organizations were pushing it is only indirectly indicated. Some of the legislators confessed that they voted for it not from conviction but because of having swapped votes. Others stated that they personally recognized the beneficence of the study of evolution in the improved crops and livestock of the state, but were compelled to vote against it by the weight of opinion in their constituency. In the State House a woman was present "whose son," in the words of a gentle, gray-haired senator, "had been made a confirmed infidel by having been taught evolution in a high school." Governor Peay was effusive over the Bible-bolstering qualities of a bill which he declared to be not only highly necessary but perfectly justifiable, on the principle that the people have a right to say what shall be taught in the schools supported by their money. The Governor made a feeble attempt, however, to straddle the fence. "This bill," he said, "contravenes neither freedom of religion nor strict separation of church and state." The reason? Listen closely: "The widest latitude will remain as to the time and manner of God's processes in His creation."

The President of George Peabody College, which is supported for the most part by large endowments but receives a pittance from the state, made a formal but ineffectual protest against the bill after its passage. The University of Tennessee, the logical leader of enlightened opinion in the state, was silent, as the Universities of Kentucky, California, and North Carolina were not, in similar situations. Because of its failure to make such a stand the university has undoubtedly lost caste in the educational world outside of the state. But if the peculiar conditions affecting the institution were widely known, its silence would be understood, though perhaps not approved.

There are not only easily understandable reasons why the university did not speak out, but also strong grounds for believing that a protest on its part, in addition to being futile, would probably have resulted in a more rigorous academic inquisition than that sponsored by the present General Assembly. To begin with, it does not hold an influential position in the state. Until about ten years ago it was merely a small college of six or seven hundred students, supported almost entirely by the interest on about $400,000, the proceeds of the sale of federal land grants given it in the early years of the nineteenth century. Situated in East Tennessee, it was known as East Tennessee University until late in its life, and not until 1907 did it become the fully recognized university of the state. Not until 1918 did the legislature give it any financial support worth speaking of.

In that year the state lent the University about a million dollars for the construction of two new halls, and increased its yearly income from $150,000 to about $800,000 (out of which the loan was to be repaid). This investment by the state came as part of a program of expansion and state-wide service of Dr. H. A. Morgan, the new president. Salaries were increased, and the faculty was enlarged by the addition of several young professors from Northern universities. Extension work was emphasized, and high school graduates throughout the state were

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encouraged to attend their State University. The enrollment increased, and soon the new equipment provided by the state was found inadequate. More buildings and better instructors were necessary if the plans of the Administration to raise the institution to the rank of a real university were to be consummated. About this time, however, something occurred which brought the school and its Administration into favorable prominence in the state.

Certain professors, dismissed from the University for rather complicated reasons, succeeded in making the whole country think that it was because they were evolutionists. The people of the enlightened parts of the country believed it, and laughed at the idea of such a university and such a state; the people of Tennessee believed it, and rejoiced over a University so piously careful of the impressionable young minds committed to its care. Dozens of churches and women's clubs passed resolutions praising the University authorities for their action in stamping out the heresy in its incipiency.

The whole situation was absurd, of course. The President of the University, being a modern entomologist and formerly Dean of the College of Agriculture, is himself an evolutionist, though obviously not an aggressive one. Evolution has been taught at the University as long as geology, biology, and philosophy have been. It is being taught now as systematically as when the discharged professors were on the faculty; it must and will be taught, of course, law or no law, as long as the University maintains courses in modern science, an excellent Agricultural Experiment Station, and a Class "A" College of Medicine.

But the complication had brought the University a large part of the popularity and confidence which it had been seeking to win, a confidence and popularity necessary if any more money was to be forthcoming from the state legislature. It was a temptation to the Administration to keep quiet and receive the congratulations, trusting in the probability that the anti-evolution feeling would soon blow over. The new appropriation bill was coming up in the next legislature, and nothing must be done to jeopardize it. Also, the Administration must have realized that in Tennessee any shake-up centering around the literal interpretation of the Scriptures would leave things the worse for higher education.

The passage of the anti-evolution bill of course brings up the old question as to the ultimate value of democracy and majority rule. The legislation was truly a triumph of the will of the people. It is the logical outcome of the application of the principle that the mediocre majority are capable of deciding more wisely than the educated minority. Tennessee was on an emotional jag, which resulted, as usual, in ludicrous behavior. The anti-evolution bill is an example of what the blind people, goaded by blind bigots, and followed by blind, bootlicking politicians, will lead themselves into.

Yet the results of the law will probably not be very drastic. The average Tennessee high school or elementary school teacher, who works for $634 a year, will teach about as much evolution as ever. In the University the theory will continue to be taught as before, perhaps with occasional casualties. Needless to say, the academic hypocrisy which the law imposes upon teachers will not have a very salutary moral effect on either teachers or pupils.

ROYCE JORDAN.

Romanticism in 1830

THE best definition I know of the term "romantic" is that given by Mr. Roger Fry in L'Amour de l'Art:

> I call romantic [says he] any work of art which to produce its effect counts on the association of ideas which it sets up in the mind of the spectator. I call classical the work which to provoke emotion depends on its own formal organization.

So far as painting, at any rate, goes I can find no hole in this; whether it will do as well for literature seems less clear. I believe it will: certainly it is not to be demolished by Professor Quiller-Couch's method. To take at haphazard a few lines from any book of verse or prose and on them challenge a decision is nothing to the purpose, since the terms "classical" and "romantic" are to be applied to complete works rather than excerpts. There are lines which depend so obviously on their appeal to associated ideas that they may be described out of hand as "romantic"; others of so pure a formal beauty that, ignoring the context, we salute them at once as "classical": what is more, one could almost certainly find romantic lines in Racine and lines of classical beauty in Keats. But most lines, most paragraphs even, taken by themselves, are neither one nor the other—no more than are scraps of contours and patches of color.

It was not over questions of this nicety that the men of 1830 came to cuffs. Certainly, in the beginning, there was a real æsthetic point at issue between the masters of the colorist movement and the schoolmasters, between Géricault and Delacroix on the one hand and David and Ingres on the other. The former, deriving from Rubens and the English, composed in mass and believed in exploiting all the possibilities of color, the latter conceived of color as something which should be allowed to interfere as little as possible with precision of line, and took as their ideal of composition a Roman bas-relief. This artistic quarrel between painters, however, was soon lost in an uproarious brawl between

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the old Imperial gang and the young nineteenth century. Of that century the pronounced characteristic was individualism. Now individual liberty, which was what the new generation clamored for, was what the school, as resolutely, withheld.

Essentially, the romantic movement was a rebellion. The new age was asserting itself. It asserted by differentiating; and this vehement assertion and violent differentiation went by the name of Romanticism. Invariably the present looks for support against the immediate past to the more remote, and rarely fails to find it. Wherefore, since the elder generation leant on the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, the romantic writers appealed to the sixteenth and the middle ages; the painters leant on the writers. They clutched at Gothic architecture and decoration as well, hung on to mediæval (which was reckoned preëminently "free") and pitted the mysteries of "the Orient"—vague but impressive designation—against the all too lucid gods of Greece and Rome. From Germany, not from the Orient, came, via Rome, vague rumors of a vaguer art based on an inspired worship of the Cologne primitives. Before 1830 Overbeck had failed to found a German pre-Raphaelite movement; and some stains of his small beer filtered into France, Orsel of Lyons aiding. But these more or less æsthetic innovations were not the cause of that terrific battle which, about the year 1830, raged round the name "romantic." Few people feel passionately about art, yet everyone took a hand in that affair.

Everyone was concerned because the fight was for nothing less than the right of the new age not to defer to the wisdom of the old. The bald-heads—to see so many of them in serried rows made les jeunes féroces in the parterre scream "A la guillotine, les genoux" at the première of Hernani—swore by the eighteenth century: "Down with the eighteenth century" screamed the jeunes féroces. This screaming produced a curious paradox. The eighteenth had been the century of liberal and progressive ideas; the romantics, therefore, had to be monarchical and Catholic. The rebels were on the side of government and against the disaffected. So topsy turvy a situation could not endure. It was not long before the more intelligent realized that the spirit which intoxicated the romantic poets and painters was that which was stirring all Europe to revolt.

The romantics had, however, a better founded quarrel with the age of reason. The young romantic was preoccupied with his personal relation to the universe. That, I suppose, is a matter with which at a certain age every intelligent young man in every place and period is preoccupied. Here Oxford and Cambridge exist mainly to nurse him through this delicious distemper of intellectual puberty. The eighteenth century had attempted to bridge the unbridgeable by the aid of reason and the discursive intellect. Logic and science were its tools—excellent tools, but impersonal, and therefore little to the taste of young intellectualists in a hurry. Emotion and intuition appeared to them more personal and therefore more trustworthy. The romantics tended to seek certainty in religion: in orthodox Christianity at first, later in Saint-Simonisme or what some chose to call "the religion of humanity." The eighteenth century was voted "dry and cynical."

Only in so far as the romantic revolution may be said to have embraced the colorist can it be considered one of the springs of that nineteenth century painting which counts. The great artists of the century all, I think, descend from the colorists: Picasso was the first to return even whimsically to the tradition of David. But masters, we agreed, belong to no school unless it be the school of masters. In spite of conspicuous dissimilarities and antagonisms, good painters are fundamentally alike because they are good painters. They have in common their genius and sincerity; they all create form of æsthetic significance,—their pictures are works of art. The bad of different schools have only their badness in common, the æsthetic insignificance of their forms; but of any particular school the rank and file have in common a dozen irrelevant tricks and pretensions, a herd hatred for the last generation and, above all, a herd preference for certain subjects. As was to be expected, the romantics' battle with their elders raged most fiercely round this utterly irrelevant question.

"Quiconque ne faisait pas les soldats de Marathon était romantique." Traditionally, art is a thing to discuss and lose one's temper about; unfortunately, it is a thing which very few people can understand. For purposes of argument and irritation, therefore, it is necessary to discover something at once generally comprehensible and speciously artistic. Subject is the indicated bone of contention. The reactionaries accused the romantics of portraying ugly creatures and repulsive incidents. The romantics called the favorite models of the school pompiers, implying that these naked heroes in their helmets were like nothing so much as firemen. It was a later generation which changed the noun into an adjective, and applied it, not to the painted figures, but to the state of mind which produced them.

How little æsthetic considerations or questions of style had to do with the romantic revolution may be inferred from the fact that the two painters who made romanticism popular, Delaroche and Ary Scheffer, were pupils and were pleased to consider themselves followers of Ingres. They were reckoned romantic because, instead of exploiting a little erudition as the pompiers did, they exploited cheap sentiment and vulgar curiosity. The romantics left the heroes of Marathon alone, and gave the public melodramatic descriptions of more recent actions: Versailles is full of them. They mongered mys-

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teries, soused in a sticky sauce of bourgeois religiosity. They recounted touching or humorous anecdotes, and illustrated favorite scenes drawn from the works of fashionable authors. Also they gave the people "local color"—dismiss from your mind all recollections of impressionist jargon: all the romantics did was to take care that when they painted a picture of the bride of Abydos the accessories should be redolent of the gorgeous east. Such was romanticism as it was understood in 1845.

For by 1845 the battle was won, or rather the tommies had fraternized. The two camps, the followers of Ingres and the followers of Delacroix, had merged; the former no longer painted naked heroes, the latter had discarded whatever rags of sincerity and conviction the struggle may have engendered. When Couder and Blondel, Scheffer and Delaroche were all hanging together, there was seen to be very little to choose between them. The school welcomed the romantic ruck without forgiving Delacroix and Chassériau. Indeed the school had something better to do than harass and humiliate bad painters beloved of good citizens; at Barbizon were Corot and Rousseau to injure and insult, and in the distance was Courbet.

The influence of the colorists—Constable, Géricault, Delacroix—persisted: it persists to this day. Romanticism died before its chief, and Delacroix died in '63. The men and the descendants of the men who in 1830 had been romantics formed the more disreputable and more popular wing of the school. In the history of art they have no place. Not so the descendants of David; for, if that school died before its second master, Ingres, its carcass remained and stank. The school has claimed the attention of every historian of nineteenth century painting because it has signalized itself as the enemy of every first-rate painter of the age. And because the school professed, though it was far from practicing, the doctrines of David and Ingres, neo-classicism became for artists and art-lovers the symbol of all that was maleficent and spiteful. The school contrived to make of the Greeks and the Romans a bogy—a bogy which only the school itself could demolish. About the beginning of the present century it set about that task. Fired, I presume, by the success of Besnard and his like, the old gentlemen of the Institut turned skittish. Some became positively modern, flirted, that is, with notions newish in their youth, with the crude nostrums of the realists and the fag-end fancies of romanticism. These bald-pated pirouettes sufficed to ease neo-classicism of a load of prejudice. The epithets classical and official became distinguishable. And the rising generation, unless I mistake, is quite inclined, under the direction of the ingenious M. Lhote, to find a great deal to be said for the practice and theory of David.

CLIVE BELL.

Caesar and Cleopatra

Caesar and Cleopatra, by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Philip Moeller. Settings by Frederick Jones. At the Guild Theatre. April 13th.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S method of writing historical drama has upset and infuriated certain people, it has amused the more liberal-souled and caused those who do not run but sit awhile, as they read, to ponder over his perspicacity. Crafty and courageous, he has discovered and put into practice the theorem that the best way of making the remote seem real is to discard verisimilitude. We are accustomed to see him shrug away, with the wild impatience of originality, careful accuracies of good taste, time-honored trappings, all the musty paraphernalia of the grand style. Reducing his characters to the absurd, if that suits his humor, imposing on them the vigor and carelessness of modern speech, snatching away from them the stilts of blank verse and the pedestal of accepted grandeur, he brings them flatly down to earth with the cunning purpose of ultimately and in his own way raising them to the stars. This is his method of attack in dealing with Julius Cæsar, as it is when he comes to grips with Joan of Arc.

Cæsar and Cleopatra is full of typical Shavian shocks and surprises, alternations of lofty thought and burlesque, sudden handsprings and topsyturvydoms. It is ridiculous and witty; it is also insidiously charged with a fresh philosophy of history, a discerning hero worship, a soaring common sense and an inveterate mysticism.

Less magnificent an exhibition of understanding than Saint Joan, less mature and tender, this play is yet full of imaginative and inventive splendor and incisive characterization. More, in the midst of its farce, it is abruptly and amazingly poetic. And finally, it is, except for a few over-lengthy historical discussions, the finest kind of theatrical entertainment. Mr. Shaw, ever a sensible man of the theatre, is lavish with his melodrama. Trumpet calls, fleeing mobs, hair-breadth escapes from besieged places, incendiarism and at least two murders are the red blood diluting his grey matter.

These physical alarums and excursions give the stage manager his chance; the intellectual twists and turns provide actors with no less generous material.

The limelight centres on Cæsar himself. Mr. Shaw sees to that by endowing his hero with a super-consciousness as to his own characteristics and rôle in history. This is a favorite device which he frankly lays bare in the preface to Saint Joan. "It is the business of the stage," he says, "to make its figures more intelligible to themselves than they would be in real life; for by no other means can they be made intelligible to the audience."

We have, then, Cæsar expounding himself throughout the play. His superb entrance speech, the address to the Sphinx, strikes the keynote of this self-exposition. And in one way or another he continues to comment on his own qualities—his quick wits and ingenious common sense, his fine work-a-day habit of action, his magnanimity born of a detached and perhaps indifferent vision and his half wistful sense of isolation among men. What if one suspects the historical accuracy of this Cæsar's whimsicality and lucid reflection? Julius Cæsar plus Shaw is all the more worth listening to.

Cæsar and Cleopatra is Cæsar's play. Cleopatra is a

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naughty kitten, a frightened child; her predatory seductiveness still in the bud, her appetites, ambitions and celebrated managing ability only beginning to assert themselves in the awkward gestures of adolescence. She is a delicious, stimulating skit on her later self. The other characters are, as usual with Mr. Shaw, drawn in differing moods—and vary from the glorious caricature of Britannus, Cæsar's imperviously Nordic secretary, to the easy realism of such a personage as Apollodorus, the æsthetic patrician. Altogether the play is an example of inhuman facility in every possible genre and is a hodgepodge of genius.

The Theatre Guild has chosen this piece with which to open its new playhouse, that tangible monument of much rare, intangible effort and achievement; to select a play by the giant among modern dramatists for a first offering is a wise symbolical move.

The production is not without beauty and distinction; in particular, no praise is too high for the loveliness of the stage pictures. Mr. Frederick Jones's settings show the wide spaces of Mr. Shaw's imagination, they reflect his stress, in this play, on the stars and winds and elements —the power and sweep of nature echoing the power and sweep of character. The sets are significant and eliminated in composition; in color lyrical and unexpected. Mr. Jones's Sphinx towers impressively against an opalescent sky, his palace columns suggest magnificence, his lighthouse on the island of Pharos is clear and white and bathed in real sea sun.

The performance of the play does not reach the level of its aspect and leaves a good deal to be desired. There have been mistakes in casting. The prologue, rewritten specially for this occasion, a historical meditation barbed with gentle insults to the American public, was declaimed by Mr. Albert Bruning with the dreary pomp and circumstance of a lesson in elocution. It missed fire pretty completely. The Cæsar and the Cleopatra are both disappointments, although such minor rôles as Britannus, acted for all he is worth by Mr. Henry Travers, and Apollodorus, brightly indicated by Mr. Schuyler Ladd, are well filled. Miss Helen Westley as the fierce and comically pugnacious Ftatateeta has a part suited to her own tradition of an admirable dealer in the grotesque. However she confines herself too strictly to humor and stresses too little the ominous side of the character, thus letting down Mr. Shaw's melodrama.

Emphatically, it is Cleopatra and it is Cæsar who do not come up to scratch. Miss Helen Hayes, certainly too colloquial in inflection, has got hold of the shrill greed and curiosity, the pert precocity and animal spirits of Mr. Shaw's Cleopatra; these she sets forth with a good deal of precise energy. One is distressed, however, by the quality of her childishness which is not spontaneous but metallic and consciously cute. Nor do we gather a hint from her of the more pungent flavor which Mr. Shaw pictures as peeping forth from the still callow Cleopatra; we are not impressed by any latent power of intuition or seductiveness. And so we do not believe her when she tells Pothinus what treasures she has gleaned by an association with Cæsar. This Egyptian flapper is too knowing and is surely impervious to impression. There is no development in Miss Hayes's Cleopatra, which ends where it started. There is not enough richness in her conception or variety in her methods of expression, although her work shows a sincere if limited intention and a correct idea of one aspect of the character.

Mr. Lionel Atwill, as Cæsar, began impossibly, with a depressing effect of heavily muted strings. His opening address to the Sphinx, which is, perhaps awkwardly for the player, the spiritual peak of the characterization, was thoroughly muffed. It lacked thought and fire. It was hurried, yet monotonous. Over this kind of a matter the actor should take all the time he pleases. Said as it should be and as it was by Mr. Forbes Robertson, this is a speech alive with keen and curious poetry. Mr. Atwill seemed uninspired by the circumstance of this meeting under the stars, he gave no hint of Cæsar's clear-eyed melancholy before the too potent image of the lonely Sphinx. He carried this deafness to poetic overtones through the performance; and he was equally oblivious of the wise and rueful humor which makes this George Bernard Cæsar humanly great. Mr. Atwill was literal, solid, prosily facetious, when he should have been aristocratic, elusive and lonely in his wit. His effects were obtained by the use of all too familiar rubber stamps. He was—and what could be more sharply disastrous in a Shaw play?—every inch an actor.

In the later scenes, where sudden humor and indirect philosophy are less apparent—more particularly at that instant when Cæsar in an eloquent burst of righteous indignation expresses his belief in forgiveness and clemency—Mr. Atwill was far more at home and managed a laudable show of force. His appearance is fine enough; his diction, in a performance marred by much slovenly speech, more appropriate than anyone else's excepting Mr. Ladd's. What his interpretation lacks is spiritual stature. Possibly Mr. Atwill's orderly mind neglects the more delicate shades of the character under the impression that they are only so many of Mr. Shaw's rather misplaced little jokes. He proceeds, at all costs, to preserve his own dignity, thus appreciably failing to convey the dignity of Cæsar. The net effect is that Mr. Atwill has omitted to think out his part and learned it more or less by rote. Since lines which have not been thought out are never listened to, where Cæsar should be there is a hole. This spiriting away of the chief character causes a collapse in the performance, which assumes a vague and shadowy aspect. Other members of the company become infected by the derelict haziness. The acting, in general, needs to be made more definite; it will then cease to drag.

There is a sense of uncertainty and languor about the whole production, although there are vivid moments such as the first entrance of Cæsar's legionaries and the delightfully played scene on the wharf. The lack of tone is mental and is not remedied by the physical violence of the mobs. One is a little too conscious of the crowds, of their mass and volubility. They choke the proceedings. The pageant of cup-bearers in the supper scene, could, for instance, safely be expurgated. This particular dramatist needs no such displays, which only blur the unparalleled exhibitionism of his lines.

Never mind. Out of the mixture of good and tolerable and bad in this rendering of his fancy Mr. Shaw emerges, as usual, triumphant. His light may be dimmed by an imperfect projection; it cannot be extinguished. We come away from Cæsar and Cleopatra grateful to the Theatre Guild for its effort in presenting such a play. A great play. A play which pricks us with a thousand points of unexpectedness, which sets us thinking by its unusual implications and new association of ideas, filling us with the fruitful reverie which can only be induced by "that strangeness which is part of beauty."

MARY CASS CANFIELD.

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Washington Notes

THE other day I heard certain optimistic political persons, not totally dissociated from the Republican National Committee, hopefully discussing the possibility of patching up a peace this summer between Mr. Mellon and Mr. Couzens. Their very practical view was that the fight between these men of millions, if allowed to continue, may reach a point where quite serious damage will be done the Grand Old Party. There are two distinct possibilities along this line. One is that Mr. Mellon, who is conceded to be a great party asset, and has been enjoying his job and the eulogistic attitude of the press generally, may be goaded by the Couzens attacks into leaving the Cabinet and completely losing his interest in politics. This, from the standpoint of the organization leaders, would be a disaster. It not only would lose the Pennsylvania machine an angel of extraordinary liberality and influence, but would dry up a quite ideal source of revenue for the National Committee.

The other danger these men see lies in the possibility that the effort to punish Senator Couzens, if pushed to the limit, may ultimately throw him into the next revolt against old line Republicans, and he has got far too many millions for that contingency to be considered calmly.

One of the reasons the Progressive campaign of last year was not more formidable was its lack of finances. There were probably a number of other reasons but that certainly was one. Any political candidacy can be made formidable with enough money. The handicap of nearly every fight against the machine is lack of funds. Hiram Johnson and La Follette will both agree to the truth of that statement.

It is entirely easy, therefore, to comprehend why the men who are active in the party organization leadership dislike to contemplate the possibility of a man of the Couzens wealth being forced over into the opposition, and compelled to assume the consistent attitude of uncompromising hostility toward the Administration held, for instance, by Senator La Follette. If anything, they dislike that idea more than they do that of losing dear, good old Mr. Mellon as a party angel, and those who grasp fully the potentialities in the situation do not wonder there is real anxiety to "fix things up" between the Secretary of the Treasury and the Senator from Michigan.

I am of the opinion, however, that it cannot be done. For one thing, it has gone too far and became too bitter. For another, neither Secretary Mellon nor Senator Couzens is of the "forgive and forget" type. When these "big money" fellows who get into politics fall out as Mellon and Couzens have, they gouge, bite and hit in the clinches. There has been too much of this on both sides to make it easy to bring them amicably together. There may be, from time to time, a temporary lull in hostilities, but if a permanent peace is achieved I shall prove greatly mistaken. They will keep everlastingly at it, these two indecently rich old birds, as long as they have their health—and the organization leaders who grieve over the situation might just as well make the best of it.

Mr. Mellon's attitude toward the newspaper correspondents and the press, generally, is different from that of any other present member of the Cabinet, or of any former member as far as my personal recollection goes which, to be frank, is some considerable distance. It is true that the tremendous mass of eulogistic stuff that has been written about him since he became Secretary of the Treasury, has been a source of real gratification to the old gentleman. It is even true he has acquired a distinct taste for that sort of thing.

He likes it, in fact, so well that there is not the least danger of his becoming satiated. Notwithstanding the constant references in Administration organs and the literature of the Republican National Committee to his modesty and retiring nature, his shrinking from publicity and the embarrassment with which he is covered when compelled to make a speech—all of which allegations have in them a high percentage of truth—notwithstanding all these things, good old "Uncle Andy," now that he has a public position is, at heart, just as keen about being praised by the press as any other public man. One never lived who did not love it.

In this respect Mr. Mellon is no different from the others. Where he differs is in his complete inability to understand newspapers and newspaper men. They are a constant puzzle to him and he is in a continual state of fright about what they may, in a misguided moment, do to things financial and political. He thinks they are allowed far too much liberty and that restraints should be imposed to prevent newspaper men from writing about things before they happen—or at least to prevent the newspapers printing them.

In his view they should be confined to the actual occurrences in Congress and the official or authorized statements from White House and Departments. To him it is outrageous for newspapers to speculate, unauthorized, about the future. In his opinion they would, if they waited, sell just as many newspapers and get just as much advertising. Why, then, can they not wait until the thing happens instead of making liars out of themselves, by preventing it from happening? He does not, and he never will, understand this.

Perhaps this is what makes him so obviously unhappy in the presence of the correspondents. In Pittsburgh, no newspaper man ever got within speaking distance of Mr. Mellon. Here in Washington once or twice a week he is left alone in a room with a large bunch of them. He will never be able to use these conferences with the skill and effect acquired by some of his colleagues. He might, if he were sure in what direction they would speculate on what he says, but he never can tell about that. Yet when one considers the way in which even the Democratic press has treated Mr. Mellon since he entered the Cabinet there would seem little reason for him to worry about it.

From Secretary Mellon to the Hon. George Wharton Pepper is quite a step—downward, if looked at from one point of view; upward, if from the other. Except that both are human beings, the only other point of resemblance between them lies in the fact that they both figure in Pennsylvania politics. In looks, tastes, disposition and training, they are as widely apart as two men of relatively the same social station and respectability can well be. Much could be written about the ways in which they diverge, but there is no space here for psychoanalytical character studies. The thing I want to touch upon now is the political trouble that lies ahead of Senator Pepper, not his personal traits and tendencies.

It is interesting to note how the political activities of a single individual bring together, politically, these two men, so widely apart personally. I refer, of course, to Gov. Gifford Pinchot, who in the past has said a great many unkind and irreverent things about the good Mr. Mellon

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and, if the conscientious news gatherers of the Curtis publications can be relied upon, is now preparing to enter the Republican primaries next year as a candidate for the Senate against Senator Pepper, whose successor must be chosen—November, 1926.

When this report, for which there is an undoubted basis, is combined with one equally well founded concerning the senatorial aspirations of Congressman William Vare of Philadelphia, it does look as if next year there would be in the statewide Pennsylvania primaries, the sort of three-cornered fight well calculated to worry the devout Senator Pepper, if not positively spoil his whole summer's vacation.

Most of Senator Pepper's admirers in his state are among the class of voters who do not, as a rule, participate in the primaries, particularly a summer primary, and in such a contest Senator Pepper must rely, not upon his own personal strength, which is considerable, but upon the strength of the machine.

If Mr. Vare, who is one of the bosses of the Philadelphia machine, really enters the field, it is obvious the machine will be split. Unquestionably, the influence of Secretary Mellon, through Senator Reed, would be thrown back of Mr. Pepper. That means a considerable part of the organization in Pittsburgh and the western part of the state. There are, however, a strong group of county leaders allied with the Vare machine, and he would prove a formidable antagonist, Mellon or no Mellon.

The really interesting thing is that in a contest such as seems to be looming, it is entirely conceivable that, with the organization forces divided between two strong candidates, Governor Pinchot, solidly backed by the dry forces and the church element, might run off with the big red apple. If my memory does not mislead me, that or something like that, is what he did once before. So far, I am told, Mr. Vare's determination to make the fight seems of the unshakable sort. He may, of course, yield to pressure in the end—and a good deal of pressure can be brought to bear on him. On the other hand, he may not. His friends say, will not.

Certainly, the prospect is far from pleasing from the Pepper angle. Those who know the senior Senator best say he is wholly at a loss to understand why there should be any opposition to him for renomination. He is hurt rather than angered by the untimely, and, he hopes, unfounded reports of the aspirations of Governor Pinchot and Mr. Vare, with both of whom he is upon terms of pleasant personal relations. It somehow does not seem right to him. He cannot believe that they will persist so far as to make this three-cornered fight with all its unpleasant possibilities, embarrassments, and inconveniences inevitable.

As for Secretary Mellon, if there is anything more annoying than the idea of Governor Pinchot in the Senate, he cannot think, on the spur of the moment, what it is. Pinchot in the Senate would just about double the difficulty he now has with Couzens. Add Pinchot to Couzens and you have, Mr. Mellon's friends feel, a well-nigh intolerable situation—intolerable, that is for Mr. Mellon. Of course, he and Senator Pepper will be together in the fight, battling for the right and determined to keep out, at all costs, the irreverent Gifford. The Senate is about the last place for which he is fitted, looking at it again from the Mellon angle.

T. R. B.

Washington.

A COMMUNICATION

States' Rights and the Colorado Project

SIR: There are few, if any, students of our federal system "who maintain that compacts among the states are a sufficient substitute for federal legislation in interstate matters." To address your editorial, An Interstate Compact Fails, to such an audience, is to prove nothing to nothing. Yet there are some of us who do believe that there are problems as to which "state boundaries have no relevance," but also as to which "intelligent answers can be reached without a national policy," and, consequently, do possess a faith in interstate compacts as offering one means of achieving their proper solution.

Two assumptions upon which your editorial proceeds seem open to question. The first is that the federal government can deal adequately and effectively with the Colorado River problem, or, as you put it, that the Reclamation Bureau is the proper substitute for the pact. The fundamental importance of the compact lies neither in the authorization of a particular method of flood control nor some hydraulic project, but in the fact that it provides for a permanent basis for the distribution of the waters of the river between the Upper and Lower Basins as the groundwork for all future development. True, the federal government under its treaty-making power may affect the distribution of water with regard to Mexico; it may erect a dam at Boulder Canyon for the development of water power and bring the needed relief to the flood-threatened settlers of the Imperial Valley; it may expend any sums it pleases upon hydraulic projects; but neither these nor any other similar schemes will be a substitute for the distribution of water contemplated by the compact. And constitutionally the federal government is incapable of prescribing a rule for such an apportionment as the compact provides. In the absence of state agreement, the only other possible resort is that of litigation. To demand of any court, "no matter how constituted," that it should prescribe a rule for the solution of such a problem, is grossly to disregard the limits of effective legal action.

The second assumption is that the federal government could and would adopt a constructive plan for the development of the river. Does the eloquent testimony of Muscle Shoals give one much hope? Are the fifteen years of agitation, presidential messages, and congressional debates that were the prelude to the Water Power Act of 1920 so soon forgotten? Besides these the two years of indecision on the part of Arizona seem somewhat insignificant. It also seems worthy of consideration, as an editorial upon the same page remarks, that "the President holds at present more power than he can wield effectively." Further, conflicting local and regional interests will be as apparent in any attempt made by Congress to solve such a problem—and unfortunately more unreal. Again, we may all recognize the efficiency of such a "public-spirited scientist as Dr. Elwood Mead," and yet doubt whether his continuance in office may be the proper basis upon which to frame and propose legislation that will of necessity be of an enduring type. Then too, is there any assurance that national schemes will be entrusted to the Reclamation Bureau?

These are all matters which your editorial seems to have overlooked, or tacitly assumed would resolve themselves. Yet the most important consideration seems never to have

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been adverted to, namely the educative process, so manifest in the Water Power Act, and necessary to any legislation of this nature. This process at work in the formation of the Colorado Compact, the public hearings held at many places throughout the river basin, the League of the Southwest, the publicity attendant upon its securing the ratification of six of the seven state legislatures, are all facts of the utmost consequence to government that find no place in your editorial. They are necessary for any evaluation of this interstate effort of the Southwest. Such a process, indeed, may well spell success for the method of interstate arrangements; and, for those of us to whom government implies more than the building of a dam at Boulder Canyon, may lead one to question your conclusion that the Colorado River Compact is an "obvious failure."

J. M. LANDIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

[The editorial stated our opinion that the attempt to bring about an interstate compact in this case was wise, though we did not elaborate on the reasons for this opinion as fully as a rounded discussion of the subject would require. We are grateful to Mr. Landis for supplying this lack. We do not disagree with any of the reasons he advances for the desirability of an interstate compact, or for the educative process invoked in the attempt to produce one. Our editorial was, as he notes, specifically directed to those who are so hopeful of state action that they are unwilling to see it supplemented with federal action even in cases of necessity or of urgent crisis.

If there were a ratified compact in this case, federal action would still be necessary to carry out the plan, on account of the inability of the respective states to finance the projects. Does Mr. Landis dispute this?

The compact, moreover, is not ratified and will probably not be ratified for some time to come. In the meantime the farmers of the largest irrigated region in the United States are in imminent danger of ruin by drought, and are in somewhat less, but real danger from flood. We believe that in the situation the federal government should step in to do what in the end it would have to do anyway. Does Mr. Landis believe, on the other hand, that it should wait indefinitely for ratification?

Believing, as we do, that the federal government must in the end, and should as soon as possible, proceed to undertake the necessary hydraulic developments on the Colorado, we also believe that it can and should remedy some of the defects of the plan outlined in the proposed pact. These defects seem to us to have been caused by a bargaining process among special local interests which are represented more strongly in state governments than they are in Congress. We have reason to think that the Reclamation Bureau does have a plan in which such defects do not appear, and that Congress is ready to listen to it. At any rate, the attempt to employ the federal government to introduce a desirable element lacking in the result of state negotiations is worth trying.

If there is no one who believes that "compacts among the states are a sufficient substitute for federal legislation in interstate matters" then, as Mr. Landis says, we have proved nothing to nothing. But if there are those who do not agree with the specific opinions outlined above, then we cannot escape the conclusion that they do regard the choice between the interstate compact and federal legislation as virtually an exclusive one, in which the compact must be favored no matter what the consequences.

Self-education of local communities to solve their own problems has a high value. But an exclusive application of this principle in the case of the Colorado has two large flaws—a practical one and a theoretical one. The practical flaw is that to wait for a strictly local solution may educate the Imperial Valley farmers out of existence. The theoretical one is that the exploitation of the Colorado has a national as well as a local importance. It is well for all of us to be concerned about the use of hydro-electric power for the best interests of the nation, about reclamation, land settlement and farm organization as national policies.

We do not argue that the federal government is immune to mistakes, delays and failures to which the states are liable. We argue simply that we should do our best to improve the operation of all agencies of government whether state or national, that we should use any agency where the opportunity is present and the need is manifest, that one should be supplemented with another. In our opinion there is a danger that the present agitation for exclusive state action—as in the case of the Child Labor Amendment—may lead people to ignore necessary or fruitful uses of the federal power. We therefore thought it well to point out a specific situation in which an interstate compact clearly would fail, without the aid of the federal government, to accomplish its purpose.—THE EDITORS.]

CORRESPONDENCE

The Omniscient, Omnipotent Agnostic

SIR: Some thanks are due to Crowell, whose Christian name is Chester, who punctures falsehood with a rapier thrust, who rides through life on well inflated tires that cannot suffer puncture. Just read a recent New Republic and see what he did to Fundamentalism. Read how "everything that has ever been done for mankind, mankind did." Yes, the air man breathes, he carefully compounded in his little laboratory, he set the sun in the heavens, he even made the brain with which he does his thinking, he made a world in which a monkey's brain might gradually develop into a brain like that of Mr. Crowell—or perhaps something even better.

I have a little garden. I spend my winter evenings in making grains of corn, and beans and pumpkin seeds. When spring comes on I make the slender stalks that sprout up from the seeds. I supervise the chemistry by which they grow and reach maturity. When they bloom I get out my little palette and paint the petals. Burbank may perfect various kinds of fruit, but I do the whole business, taking as much pleasure in making the fragrance of the wild crab, as Burbank ever took in making a thornless cactus. All the miracles that I perform are done in accord with and not in contravention of Nature's law.

I am an artificer of things of beauty in Parian marble, in silver and in gold. When I make a thing of beauty, I do not blame it on Athena who helped the silversmiths in Homer's day, nor like David do I intimate that Jehovah furnished my designs. I made the artistic bent that's in my nerve and blood.

I also am a law-maker. Minos got his law code from Zeus upon Mount Ida. Shamash furnished Hammurabi with his legal knowledge. Moses amid the thunderings on Mount Sinai received the tables that Jehovah's fingers wrote upon. Zaleucos down at Locri had the help of Pallas on his law code. But I, all by myself, made mine. My legislative faculty is my own creation.

In science I'm not like Newton. I do not say: "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee." Not much! I made the law of gravitation; I made the law that governs Hertzian waves. I made the atom with its magic potency—that unassisted has evolved all this mechanistic world. In the atom were the parables of Jesus and the Sermon on the Mount.

Those teleologists make me tired. When I meet a man like Crowell who knows what he and I have done, I rejoice in dithyrambic fashion, and ask the New Republic to print my stuff.

CHARLES N. SMILEY.

Grinnell, Iowa.

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Cancer Research

SIR: In the February 25 number of the New Republic there is an excellent article on Cancer Research by J. B. S. Haldane.

On first reading it I noticed several statements which seemed somewhat questionable, but at the time thought them scarcely important enough to call attention to. However a number of persons have recently spoken to me about one thing Doctor Haldane says, which seems to have caused considerable disturbance among a group of your readers. I refer to the phrase:

> I should look askance at the indiscriminate use of such substances as vaseline, which may very well contain the cancer-producing body found in paraffin, and lubricating oil, which certainly contains it.

But why deprive the population of the pleasure of vaseline? There is not the slightest evidence that it contains any cancer-producing substance. In the past thirty years it has been swallowed by the ton by small children for sore throats, and spread by thousands of tons upon the skin of irritated human beings and domestic animals. If it contained a cancer-producing substance, half the mammalian population of the United States would long since have been dead of cancer.

Also it is quite improper to speak of there being a cancer-producing substance in paraffin or lubricating oils. The fact that a very few cases of cancer have been observed in workmen exposed for long periods to these substances shows only that in persons with sensitive skins chronic irritation may give rise to a skin disturbance which may ultimately go on to cancer. But such chronic irritation has been produced by prolonged exposure to X-ray, by hydrochloric and sulphuric acids, by burns due to hot water or to hot metal, by arsenic and a host of other substances, such as may cause a chronic skin disease. The great diversity in the agents shows that there is no cancer-producing substance strictly speaking, but only an irritant. From vaseline such irritating substance or substances have been removed by suitable treatment.

Another statement in the paper shows the danger of invading a strange field of biology without full experience of the traps so ready for the unwary. Haldane quotes from Warburg as to the difference between the cancer cell and the ordinary cell, pointing out that the cancer cell splits sugar in large quantity and suggests that "we may easily discover a method of discouraging the cancerous type of sugar metabolism without affecting that of a normal cell." Unfortunately Doctor Haldane is not acquainted with the latest developments of Warburg's work which shows that certain normal cells of the body split sugar even more effectively than the cancer cell, and that therefore if means were found to reduce the sugar splitting activities of the cancer cell the unfortunate patient would go blind.

Anyone who is optimist enough to believe that the discovery of the ultimate cause of cancer is near is sure of disappointment, and Doctor Haldane's final exhortation to avoid an emotional attitude as fatal to scientific thinking and recommending an objective and coldly scientific attitude toward the cancer problem is a commendable expression of the scientific spirit of which he is so able an exponent.

FRANCIS CARTER WOOD, M. D.,
Institute of Cancer Research, Columbia University.
New York, N. Y.

Good Aliens Don't Talk

SIR: On the eve of Count Karolyi's departure from this country the Springfield (Mass.) Union printed an editorial based on the report that jeers and laughter greeted the mention of the names of President Coolidge, Secretary Kellogg and former Secretary Hughes at a farewell dinner given the Count by a club of Hungarians. Resentment at the treatment accorded him by the government was alleged to be the meaning of these expressions.

After dismissing Karolyi as "a trouble-maker in Hungary," (the simplicity of the characterization is suspicious), it is stated that the only thing his supporters accomplished "was to label themselves as wholly alien and out of sympathy with American institutions and customs, and as lacking in appreciation of the kindness which was shown them when they were permitted to make their home in this country."

Now this particular group of people were criticizing in their own way, just as others have commented upon in other ways, the obscurantist wholly un-American methods which the United States government has employed in dealing with this man, whom the New Republic has fairly characterized as "an honest liberal who has spent his life fighting for justice and freedom for the Hungarian people."

If one of the basic principles of American liberty is the right to free expression of opinion, how can those who avail themselves of it be branded as "wholly alien"?

And furthermore, when did it become an American custom to *condescend* to admit aliens to the country, thus forever obligating them (and gagging them) through "the kindness which was shown them" at the time? We could not have done without them, and time may humble us into being indebted to them for their invaluable contributions.

Is it possible that we are in the grip of a reactionary philosophy of nationalism which is feigning patriotism by dictating what may and may not be said by men from certain countries visiting in certain special other countries?

In addition to its other functions the New Republic serves as an indispensable antidote to such ridiculous attitudes as the paper in question assumes when it senses that the dignity of the Administration is being made light of.

RICHARDS H. EMERSON.

Springfield, Mass.

Up from Druidism

SIR: Doubtless a few of your readers will disagree with Mr. George B. Winton's strictures on the narrowness of the Episcopal Church. Not that it matters much either way. But still this is a first time for us Episcopalians to be called colossal egotists. We have been called many other things before, and are rather hard-boiled when people begin to sling names at us.

It might be mentioned, however, that the point of view of the Episcopal Church is different from that of "all other evangelical communions." You may think it a wrong point of view, but since we hold it, at least give us the credit of being honest in it. Our Roman Catholic friends have a similar point of view and we do not criticize them for maintaining it.

When our British forefathers were converted from Druidism to Christianity they were formed into a branch of the Catholic Church, which body, we hold, has continued down through the ages until we view it in the form of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America. Is it bad form for a bishop of that Church, recognizing the brotherhood of all people, to tender his cathedral church to be a "house of prayer for all people"?

Exchange of pulpits will never bring about Christian unity. It has been tried too much and failed. But friendliness and service will do it. Ask anyone who knows about the work of the Episcopal Church's "Church Mission of Help" and "Foreign Born Americans' Division" of the National Council. There we try to help the needy and to pass them on, happy, to their own religious denominations with a kindly word.

HIRAM R. BENNETT.

Williamsport, Penn.

War Guilt

SIR: Those of your readers who are interested in the newer points of view of historical scholars regarding the causes of the World War will perhaps be interested in the enclosed translation of a resolution adopted by the German Historical Society at its meeting in Frankfort on the Main, October 3, 1924. This resolution, with which I believe very few truly unbiassed historians will take issue, has recently been circulated in university circles in this country.

F. S. RODKEY.

Oxford, Ohio.

[Enclosure]

"Be it resolved by the German Historical Society, that the question of the war guilt of nations, peoples, parties, or persons can be determined scientifically only after the archives of the nations that participated have been opened and then only upon the basis of thorough and methodical study of this source material.

"Settling the question upon the basis of a diplomatic document of the victorious nations is a monstrosity the like of which has never before been attempted in history.

"The extortion of a signature to a confession of guilt in the Versailles Peace Treaty (§231) is entirely meaningless as far as establishing the historical truth is concerned."

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Mrs. Mason's Daughters

Mrs. Mason's Daughters, by Mathilde Eiker. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

HERE is a first novel which is so good that it ought to be a great deal better. Its virtues are to be found mainly in the beginning, its weaknesses are concentrated toward the end. Virtues of solidity, of cumulative, unsentimental honesty; the patient courage of one who sets out to paint a drab landscape in grey tones and refrains heroically from brighter colors. Qualities also of insight, flashes of unflinching sympathy with starved, under-blooded lives, bits of remarkable characterization, shreds here and there of frugal beauty, and a total effect of no little seriousness, no ordinary dignity. But as the end nears, these are lost in a rising tide of unreality, in a curious determinism on the author's part which forces events into a pattern. The creative talent, at a certain point in the book, weakens, resigns in favor of a will to prove points, to explode too accurately mines of philosophy or fate obscurely laid in the first chapters. The implicit becomes explicit, and thereby forfeits our belief. And our belief, up to about page 150, was strong; not all the characters were realized, but there was quite enough individuality in a few of them to make us respect a new talent, and hope for considerable things from an author who can sit down bravely before so gray a subject and do so much with it.

The subject, like most others, is not new. A schoolteacher in her late thirties, crushed under many years of teaching, repressed, sensitive, courageous, writing poetry in secret, nursing a crippled capacity for love. Her name is Mason—F. Mason on the school lists, Fernanda Mason at heart. Of such conventional items could, and by most people if they had the taste for it at all, would be built a dry familiar tragedy—the starved spinster. And a schoolmarm at that: what could be less inviting to write about? But what could be as worth writing about by someone who had a sufficient sympathy for human nature to realize that no two spinsters are alike, nor any two of them starved in the same way? Miss Eiker fills out the character of F. Mason so gradually, with such variety and choice, that the grayness of the whole is a virtue, not a defect, of capable parts.

The key to F. Mason is to be found in something that happened to her when she was a child at school herself. The teacher left the room saying, "in an even, bright little voice, 'while I am out of the room I want every little boy and girl to sit quiet like little mice and not speak a word. When I come back, I shall ask who has been good.'" When she left, the other children had talked and run around the room, but Fernanda stayed in her seat and uttered not a sound. The teacher came back; she had heard the noise. Would the children who had not made any noise rise? Fernanda rose, along with a dozen little liars. Seven others remained in their seats; they had not obeyed. They were punished, but the teacher was proud of them. They had told the truth. Fernanda was included in those who had lied and stood. "She took her seat, feeling small and sheepish and somehow discovered in dishonesty. She had not talked. But those who had talked and told the truth about having talked, were the heroes of the day."

Schoolteaching, though the author's intention was otherwise, is really the centre of the book, and the pages about school the most vividly clear-eyed. They are also profoundly sad and discouraging. In few books has the gap between teacher and taught been more subtly, remorselessly described. A gap, apparently, which nothing short of genius can bridge; among human relationships perhaps the greatest source of discomfort, dishonesty, strain. All the worse because the people involved mean so well, try so hard, and are so much more human aside from it than once involved in it, when a kind of perverse belligerency and misunderstanding seems to descend on them like a fatal net. Inside herself, very deep down to be sure, very smothered under fears and disciplines, F. Mason is warm-hearted. But in the classroom that warmth is thrice locked away, and she shows to her pupils a mask, just, inscrutable, precise, the sort of mask which they see oftenest and which means least to them. She is known as a teacher on whom nothing can be put over, and having built about her, at great pains, this outer shell, her real, sensitive self can crawl into it safe and soft from a young harsh world. But having built this protecting shell about her, she cannot break through it when she most needs to; from having been her armor, it becomes a permanent barrier between her buried feelings and people to whom she might become attached. The springs of her love have been accustomed to run too deep ever to come to the surface again. She almost marries a pathetic schoolmaster with a crippled son, but the horror she feels at the cripple's withered legs puts her love—if such it was—to rout; she has a secret affair with a doctor, and a daughter by him; she tries to love him also, but finds that her capacities for it are frozen forever.

This last incident occurs near the end, when the story no longer has its feet on the ground, but walks on the thin air of pure invention, with the reality and detail of the first part left far behind. Dr. Mantuan, the lover, is a completely unconvincing figure, and so is F. Mason herself. She is no longer the very human, complicated figure we were introduced to, but an automaton fulfilling a destiny prearranged for her by her author. It is a long jump from these last chapters, with their sterile sunless unwindings and justifications of the plot, to the casual, varied, imaginative incidents of the first.

F. Mason has come back from Cambridge, where, on a holiday, she was shown the spot where Lief Ericsson built his house. She is sitting in the classroom, collecting papers, dreaming, wasting her time. "Suddenly she laughed. 'The trip was worth it, just for that,' she thought. 'No one is sure that Lief reached America, but Cambridge knows where he built his house.'"

On another page, she is wondering why her mother had ever thought of naming her Fernanda. "Had that monotonous woman whom Fernanda knew as her mother, burned the toast, thirty-five years earlier, because she had dreamed a dream? She burned toast now because she had to empty the ice-pan, which sometimes caught on the drain."

Little touches like these mean a good deal more in the book than all its story and direction and meaning as a whole. They and many other pleasant flashes promise much more than the 350 closely printed pages of story and fulfillment. They redeem a novel which on the whole is tiresome and heavy going; their reality is remembered when the long prairies of unreality at the end are forgotten. They show us a new talent to be reckoned with, one which will be heard from to much better effect, we hope, as soon as it has learned to make the whole of what it writes one-half as interesting as the parts.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Count Károlyi's Memoirs

Fighting the World: the Struggle for Peace, by Count Michael Károlyi. Translated by E. W. Dickes. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. $6.

THERE now seem to be two official methods of heightening the fame of Hungarian revolutionists in the United States. The earlier method, which was devised in the case of Louis Kossuth, the hero of 1849, consisted in forgetting all about diplomatic punctilios, welcoming the visitor with fireworks and brass-bands and inviting him to address Congress. The more up-to-date method, the method eventuating from our recent war "to make the world safe for democracy," has been adopted for the special benefit of Count Michael Károlyi, the leader of the 1918 Hungarian revolution, and consists in a most mysterious hint from our State Department at Washington to the effect that the visitor is dangerous, so dangerous in fact that he may not set foot on our shores without binding himself during his stay to eschew all politics both in act and in word. The newer method has signal advantages over the older; it lines us up with European practices and preserves the fine old Tsarist tradition of secret diplomacy and secret police, and it arouses an insatiable popular curiosity. Hence, when Károlyi crosses the border into Canada and there delivers a political speech, all our great journals recognize its news-value and carry it in extenso on their front pages. Hence, also, when Karolyi embarks for Europe, enterprising American publishers bring out a whole volume of the Count's memoirs. True, they are a bit stale. They are but an English translation of what was written in 1922, and they deal only with events in Hungary prior to Károlyi's assumption of power in October, 1918. But, thanks to adequate training of the staff of our State Department in the psychology of advertising, it is now as certain that these memoirs will be widely read in the United States as it is that the American Government will endure.

These memoirs deserve to be read. They are fresher, crisper, more thrilling, and more illuminating than any of the hundred-odd war-time memoirs which the present reviewer has perused. They have their faults, to be sure. They are none too well organized. They furnish too little background. They contain statements and deductions with all of which no informed person is likely to agree. They deal too repeatedly with what should have happened, with what might have been. Károlyi stands too tall in the memoirs, and his fellow Hungarians too short.

Yet the memoirs are of peculiar value because they are so self-revealing. Scion of one of the proudest and wealthiest families in a country famed for its exclusive set of wealthy and proud families, related by blood or marriage to the Batthyanys, the Palffys, the Zichys, the Tiszas, the Pallavicinis—it sounds like the Hungarian section of the Almanach de Gotha—and married himself to a stepdaughter of Count Julius Andrassy, his has been a twentieth century career which in sheer contrasts and therefore in human interest surpasses the career of any revolutionized courtier of eighteenth century France. From aristocrat to democrat, from Junker to Socialist, from soldier to pacifist, from nationalist to internationalist, from prime-minister to prisoner, from prince to pauper—these are some of the outstanding fortunes of Count Michael Károlyi. And they have been shared by his faithful wife, the Countess.

The memoirs before us make clear that the Count's spiritual Odyssey was neither sudden nor artificial. As a young man he appears to have been a typical Magyar nobleman, marked off from his fellows only by a degree of ill-health, which induced in him a greater fondness for reading than for hunting, and perhaps by a stronger sentiment in behalf of Hungarian independence on the basis of Kossuth's principles of 1848-1849. He had a part in the development of the conservative coöperative movement, presided for a time over the eminently respectable "Omge," the Agricultural Society of the Magyar magnates, and entered the restricted factional Hungarian Parliament as an opponent of Tisza and an ally of Appónyi. He opposed Tisza—even fought a polite duel with him—because Tisza rode rough-shod over Parliament and refused to consider the extension of the franchise and the introduction of the secret ballot. Gradually, too, Károlyi found increasing fault with Appónyi and other statesmen who apologized for the Ausgleich of 1867 and adopted what seemed to be a cringing attitude toward Austria and Germany.

By 1913 Károlyi was convinced that Hungary was pursuing a mistaken foreign policy; in his opinion, she should break with Germany and come to an agreement with France and Russia, and to this end he had personal interviews in Paris with Poincaré, Caillaux, and other French leaders. He was returning from a lecture tour in the United States in the summer of 1914 when the Great War broke out. Detained as a prisoner of war in France until the middle of September, he had the opportunity, denied to his fellow nobles in Hungary, of knowing something of the Allied resources and resolution, and from the date of his homecoming until October, 1918, he was separated in thought and purpose from the general run of Magyar officialdom. He duly donned a uniform and paid lip-service to Hungarian prowess on the battlefield, but at heart he was out of sympathy with the war-time governments of his country, whether of Tisza or of Wekerle. As time went on he spoke out more and more boldly in criticism of the alliance between Austria-Hungary and Germany and in behalf of democratic reform in Hungary and direct peace-overtures to the Entente. Only very slowly, and then largely through the influence of Oscar Jászi, was he led to advocate the grant of liberal concessions to Hungary's subject nationalities—Slovaks, Rumanians, and Serbs—and no definite program of social and land reform seems to have taken shape in his mind prior to the Revolution of October, 1918. The final popular turning to him in those last days of the dissolution of Austria-Hungary must have been inspired less by his direct activities than by the frenzy and necessities of the moment.

It is patent from the memoirs why Count Michael Károlyi is now a hated man in Hungary. He simply would not and probably could not play the game with his fellow aristocrats: he was an advocate of democracy, which in the end must surely undermine the aristocratic foundation of the Hungarian state and Hungarian society; he was an adversary of that Dualism in the old Hapsburg Monarchy which subjected the masses of the dissident nationalities to ruthless political and economic exploitation by German and Magyar; he was personally independent and hypercritical. And to cap the climax, he was an outstanding pacifist in the midst of the Great War! Small wonder that his fellows—the Hungarian galaxy from the Almanach de Gotha—in discovering him to be a traitor to his class should pronounce him a traitor to his country. The common people had their innings for a brief space in 1918-1919; that was the interregnum of the Hungarian people's independent dem-

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ocratic republic, with Károlyi as president; but we shall have to await another volume of the Count's memoirs to get his explanation of why and how the common people surrendered first to Bolshevist and then to Fascist dictatorship and why and how he himself became an exile from his native land, a veritable "man without a country."

To the student of the history of the Great War the present volume will prove particularly informing apart from the personal exploits of Károlyi. Here are vivid sidelights on the rotten mess of Hungarian politics before and during the War, the idling, the ignorance, the ignominious shiftiness of Viennese politicians, the tragic indecision of the Emperor Charles and his minister Czernin, secret negotiations in Italy, in France, in Switzerland, spying and delating and many another symptom of war-hysteria, and the pitiful meanness and littleness of the last days of the once-great, once-august sway of the Hapsburgs.

Why Count Michael Károlyi should be denounced by the present Magyar dictator, Admiral Horthy, and by the company of monopolistic titled landlords not only in Hungary but wherever such a company still exists, is fully comprehensible, as I have already said, to anyone who reads these memoirs; but it still remains the profoundest mystery why certain officials at Washington in the name of this democratic republic should muzzle the Count. At least in the first volume of his memoirs there is nothing which should disturb and everything which should confirm the basic principles upon which the Government of the United States was reared and in professed defense of which the American nation took side in the Great War.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

The Liquidation of Psychology

Principles of Psychology, by J. Robert Kantor. Volume I. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

THE present generation of psychologists could probably make no greater contribution to their science than by adjourning their disputations sine die. There is no lack of ability among them, nor of energy and resolution. The fault, indeed, is not in themselves but in their stars that they are obstacles. Their difficulty arises from the postures they have been led by the circumstances of their origins and training to assume, the postures of mutual antagonism and hostility. What psychology requires at the present time is the resolution of theoretical differences. No real issue of fact divides the schools. The impediment to common agreement and understanding is one of language and preconception. It is like the difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman. In the course of time it will disappear, being founded on nothing more enduring than historical accidents that have long since passed away. But the resolution of the discord would be hastened by a period of silence.

If one or the other of the conflicting groups could show a clear title to the estate of science, so that the other stood definitely expropriated and cast into outer darkness, the tension would be speedily relieved. That one would be received in the heavenly host and the other abandoned to the wailings and gnashings of teeth of Mr. Bryan and the other unwise virgins. But unfortunately every psychological faction cries, "Lord, Lord!" with much the same vigor, if in different accents. The behaviorists have no monopoly, as many casual readers suppose, on the laboratories. On the contrary, far more laboratory work is being done even today by "introspectionists" of one stripe or another than by avowed behaviorists. It was the introspectionists who made psychology a laboratory science. One might even say that most of what we know of behavior, certainly most of what we know of the sense organs and sensory behavior, has been contributed by men who are now charged by the behavioristic radicals with sporting with Psyche in the shade of "mediæval theology."

The confusion would be more tolerable if it were not confounded also by the anxiety of the modernists to avoid not only the posture but the dress and even the complexion of the fundamentalists. The introspectionists, whatever feats of observation they may have performed from Fechner to Titchener, have interpreted all their results as the states of being of a soul or a mind or a consciousness which is now suspected (by the modernists) of being a sheer historical hangover from the barbaric animism of that great race of savages from whose loins the best of us are sprung. All that savors of black magic must of course be exorcised. The result of this anxiety to avoid mysticism is most unfortunate all around. In the first place the excessively scientific feel that they must avoid all expressions calculated to suggest a being who feels and thinks and acts lest that being take on saintliness and immortality and flit out of the laboratory windows. Anything more personal than a reflex is dangerous. Without intending to establish a dogma against integrated personality they have nevertheless established a habit of dealing in minutiæ and so have earned for themselves the soubriquet of "muscle-twitch psychology." This exaggerated interest in simple reactions, elementary movements and the behavior of infancy, has lead the scientific extremists into another bog. The reflexes and muscle-twitches through which they envisage human character have become so pregnant with suggested meaning that they have ceased to be scientific terms, have cast off the moorings of meticulous neurology, and now appear as a new creation of the imagination, the latest substitute for the soul. The conditioned reflex is no more a fact of observation than the consciousness. Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!

Professor Kantor has made no claim to be the sinless man, yet there is a certain simplicity and directness in his approach to the problems of human character and behavior which suggest that he has been able somehow to escape from his generation and recapture the ingenuousness of youth. He has seen that a complete abandonment of mysticism is not effected by reading a mystic meaning into anatomy. Abandonment of any integrated human personality is not the achievement of the goal of science. If "consciousness" is a mystic potency, as Professor Thorndike once called the instincts, neurones and reflexes are no potency at all. What a scientific psychology must effect is scientific objectivity for being incontestably human and yet a description of human personality which loses nothing of humanity for being rigorously objective, factual, experimental.

It would be claiming too much for Professor Kantor to say that he has given final expression to this ideal. He is sufficiently distinguished among his contemporaries by having seen the difficulties more clearly, perhaps, than his colleagues, felt the confusion and taken sure steps in the only direction in which resolution can be reached. He repudiates all that is super-organic in the sense of being supernatural. He also repudiates the organism as the object of psychological investigation. Not nerves but character is the field of the psychologist.

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> The concept of personality [he says] is probably the most important instrument or working principle in the whole range of psychology. . . . What then is personality? . . . We cannot consider personality to be anything other than the individual's particular series of reaction systems to specific stimuli. This series of reaction systems we may refer to as the behavior equipment of the individual. . . . Personality . . . may be summed up as being the totality of a particular individual's reaction systems, in fine, everything that the individual does and can do.

The problem of the psychologist is that of studying the building up of "reaction systems" in the life of any man, the coalescing of rudimentary (organic) movements into human acts and the integration of the action patterns into personality.

The publisher has challenged a comparison between this work and the Principles of William James. This, he says in his advertising leaflet, is the most important work that has appeared since James's magnum opus. The reference, however, is not fair to Professor Kantor who knows, of course, that quite apart from any question of magnitude of achievement, thirty-five years have completely altered the situation. James came at the moment of the breaking of a great light and he flourished the torch of enlightenment with unexampled zest. The liquidation of the bankruptcy that has followed the period of expansion heralded by James is a task of a very different kind, one, incidentally, for which William James's brilliant talents would not in the least have qualified him. Professor Kantor's book is not a flashing meteor of inspiration. It is a meticulously careful realization of order out of confusion. Its most obvious fault is that it is too careful, too cautious, too pedestrian, too excessively chary of familiar words and insistent upon a scholastic terminology. All this sets his style in vivid contrast to James's metaphoric outbursts. But this is the fault of a great virtue. James's metaphors are part of the confusion Professor Kantor has inherited!

C. E. Ayres.

Barren Ground

Barren Ground, by Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

NO contemporary American novelist is more intelligent than Ellen Glasgow. If she has latterly been somewhat overlooked in the press of other novelists, she owes it to a fact for which she is not to blame: the fact that early in her career she was popularly assigned to a school of fiction in which she belongs by geography but not by temperament. Even when she has touched the traditional Virginia in her stories, she has touched it, any critical eye should see, with a difference. Leaving others to be nostalgic for the lost cause, she has been the realist, the one important realist, of the new dominion. In particular, she has distanced all her rivals in her portraits of Southern women, who with her assistance have escaped from the sweet shadows thrown over them by chivalry, and have been permitted to amount to something in their own right.

Like Virginia and Gabriella, the most striking heroines hitherto created by Miss Glasgow, Dorinda in Barren Ground goes through love and beyond it before her story ends. Love takes her like a flame and burns her; love takes her like a whirlwind and drives her far outside her expected path. Then for three-fifths of her chronicle she builds herself up on what seemed the ruin of her life. Though she has thought she lived for love alone, she finds she has in her a certain yeomanly endurance which sends her back to become a farmer on the scene of her defeat by love. That part of her which has been consumed by her tragedy leaves her, because she lacks it, all the freer to bend her energies to the work she has chosen. Among the heroes of fiction this circumstance is common enough; among the heroines it is so rare that Dorinda stands like a tower. She never for a moment ceases to be a woman; her ambiguous costumes hide tender flesh. But she is the husband of her farm, working her creative will upon it, mastering it and cherishing it till it responds with the harvests she has desired. The process is as dramatic as a marriage.

Old Farm, to which Dorinda is thus wedded, becomes in Miss Glasgow's handling a symbol of fate and victory. At the same time, the symbolism is not carried, as it might easily have been, to the point of poetic fallacy. What this farm is, any farm in any average neighborhood might be. The region is without splendor and without miracles. No great plantation varies the monotony of plain existence. No shining adventures light up the dusty roads. The conflict is between mankind, toiling with little hope, and nature, resisting with a bored inertia. In the record of the conflict Miss Glasgow has gone so thoroughly into detail that she furnishes a valuable document upon a typical Virginia. Life there has, of course, its poetic elements. Storms descend upon it with the roar of thunder and the fury of lightning. The sun strikes across wide fields and colors gray mists. The seasons march by in diverse moods, the flowers spring in their places, the grasshoppers chant through the hot days. Some of Dorinda's neighbors are quaint and some are horrible. But on the whole the picture is drawn in the kind of honest white and black which perhaps most nearly reproduces the color of life for most men and women.

The narrative, kept so constantly in hand by a realistic conscience, recalls Miss Glasgow's admirable novel The Miller of Old Church, which has much the same setting as Barren Ground. The new book, however, in denying itself the softness which imparted to the older its special charm, is thereby made more true. Yet it must be admitted that the truthfulness of Barren Ground is bought at a price. Now and then the story lags under the weight of its materials. It would have been better if it had been shorter. As it stands, it tends to obscure a trait which is no less characteristic of Miss Glasgow than her austere fidelity. That trait is her dramatic passion. For all she has continued the story of Dorinda after her civil war through her reconstruction, and that without any effect of anti-climax, the chapters dealing with the unhappy love affair are the best in the book. Not only is there more heat in the subject itself, but there is more ease and flexibility in the representation of it. The end of the act seems somehow always in sight, even though surprises may be looked for. Reading these ardent chapters, a critic who has read all Miss Glasgow's novels with genuine admiration for their rounded substances may nevertheless venture the hope that she will some time give another of her qualities the rein and try a sparer plot of the difficult but rewarding length of Ethan Frome, Miss Lulu Bett, or A Lost Lady.

Carl Van Doren.

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Grundyism and Anarchy

A History of the English People in 1815, by Elie Helévy. Translated from the French by E. I. Watkin and D. A. Barker. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.

IN this opening volume of M. Helévy's Histoire du peuple anglais au XIX siècle, the author presents a detailed description of the political, economic, and cultural life of England at the beginning of the century. Yet analysis, not description, is the aim. Details are everywhere selected and subordinated to the purpose of understanding that irrational and efficient enigma which, for want of a better name, we must call English society. Lord Acton said of Burckhardt's Renaissance in Italy that it is "the most penetrating and subtle treatise on the history of civilization that exists in literature." In that respect M. Helévy's book will bear comparison with Burckhardt's.

How did it happen, M. Helévy asks, that a constitution which the Whigs regarded as a bulwark of freedom in the eighteenth century came in 1815 to be denounced by them as oppressive and reactionary? The explanation is simple. The constitution remained what it was; but in 1815 the Whigs were out of power, while the Tories were in. The constitution was still "free," as free as ever it was; free, that is, in the sense that the nation had nothing to fear from royal or bureaucratic despotism. It was of course not a democratic constitution. England was a nation of merchants and manufacturers governed "without police" by an aristocracy "which made a point of being ignorant," having finished its education at Cambridge and Oxford where for fifty years past nothing had been forgotten and nothing learned, and which, for its own comfort and remuneration, imposed on the people of England and Ireland a state church whose clergy were without learning, without conviction, and without piety. This was indeed a free government—so free that M. Helévy does not hesitate to call it a species of anarchy. How could such a government be transformed in the nineteenth century without a revolution? The anarchy must have been tempered with something.

Was it perhaps tempered by a rationally organized economic life? No. Impossible for the English to be rationally organized! Economic life was also "free." Everywhere there was "overproduction, inequality in the distribution of wealth, liberty without law or restraint." The economic anarchy was, if possible, more complete than the political. Surely, one would say, England was "destined to revolution, both political and economic." But it was not to be. It seems that the English enjoy anarchy. They refuse to obey authority—even the authority of historical and economic law. Bound by all decent precedent to precipitate a revolution, these lovers of precedent refused to make a revolution. Why? What was it that tempered all this anarchy?

M. Helévy finds that the anarchy was tempered and the revolution prevented by that sad middle class morality which the nation freely imposed on itself first of all, and then, freely or not, on the ruling classes. This morality was compounded, half and half, of Pietism and Humanitarianism. Both were given a religious flavor by the Methodist and Low Church evangelical revival. Both were given a rational and scientific form by the philosophical radicals and the classical economists. Both were acceptable to the new society created by the Industrial Revolution because both were practical and economic. Both flattered the national egoism because both rejected Jacobinism, Atheism, Rousseauism—that detestable "French Philosophy" which, as our own Rev. Frederick Ross asserted, "God has cursed seven times in France since 1793." For fifty years the English (which is more to the point) cursed it seventy times seven times. They at least would have no Reign of Terror, no Festival of Reason, no Buonaparte. They would work and pray, and save money, and behave orderly at table, and serve humanity by relieving the poor and abolishing capital punishment for the theft of forty shillings.

But how comes this union of Utilitarians and Methodists? Were not the Philosophical Radicals irreligious and democratic? Yes, but what of that? Bentham said that if he were not Bentham he would have been a Methodist. The Utilitarians were but Methodists who, never having been converted, refused to believe in God. But they also were ascetics for whom the world was a place of expiation and penance. Wesley, no less than Bentham, believed in the "greatest good for the greatest number"; and all middle-class Englishmen could accept this doctrine because it was practical and economic without being either revolutionary or immoral. The greatest happiness, whether, as with the Methodists, to be found in an ideal heaven, or, with the Utilitarians, to be found in an ideal future, was after all a sad and serious affair, untainted with any idea of "pleasure," nothing to be joyously excited about. Thus "by a strange paradox men who were Protestant to the bone, zealous for the dogma of Justification by Faith, were so devoted to philanthropy that on the common ground of good works they were reconciled with the most lukewarm Christians, even with declared enemies of Christianity."

It is with rare knowledge, sympathy, and insight that M. Helévy exhibits for us the formation of middle class English morality out of the pietistic revival, the Industrial Revolution, and the Utilitarian philosophy. This morality based upon a calculus of the pocket book and the soul, the people imposed upon themselves, and, insensibly, without revolution, upon the ruling classes. And in this last task what a powerful ally indeed they had, later, in the sainted queen, who was at once pious, economical, and philanthropic!

CARL BECKER.

Contributors

BENEDETTO CROCE, the celebrated Italian thinker whose Philosophy of the Spirit has reorganized the outlook of Italian thought, is the despair of the philosophers of Fascism. Some time ago he threw Fascist propaganda askew by denying that any part of his philosophy could be incorporated in the doctrine of government by violence. Since retiring as Minister of Education under Giolitti, Croce has lived quietly in Naples or in the Val d'Aosta.

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